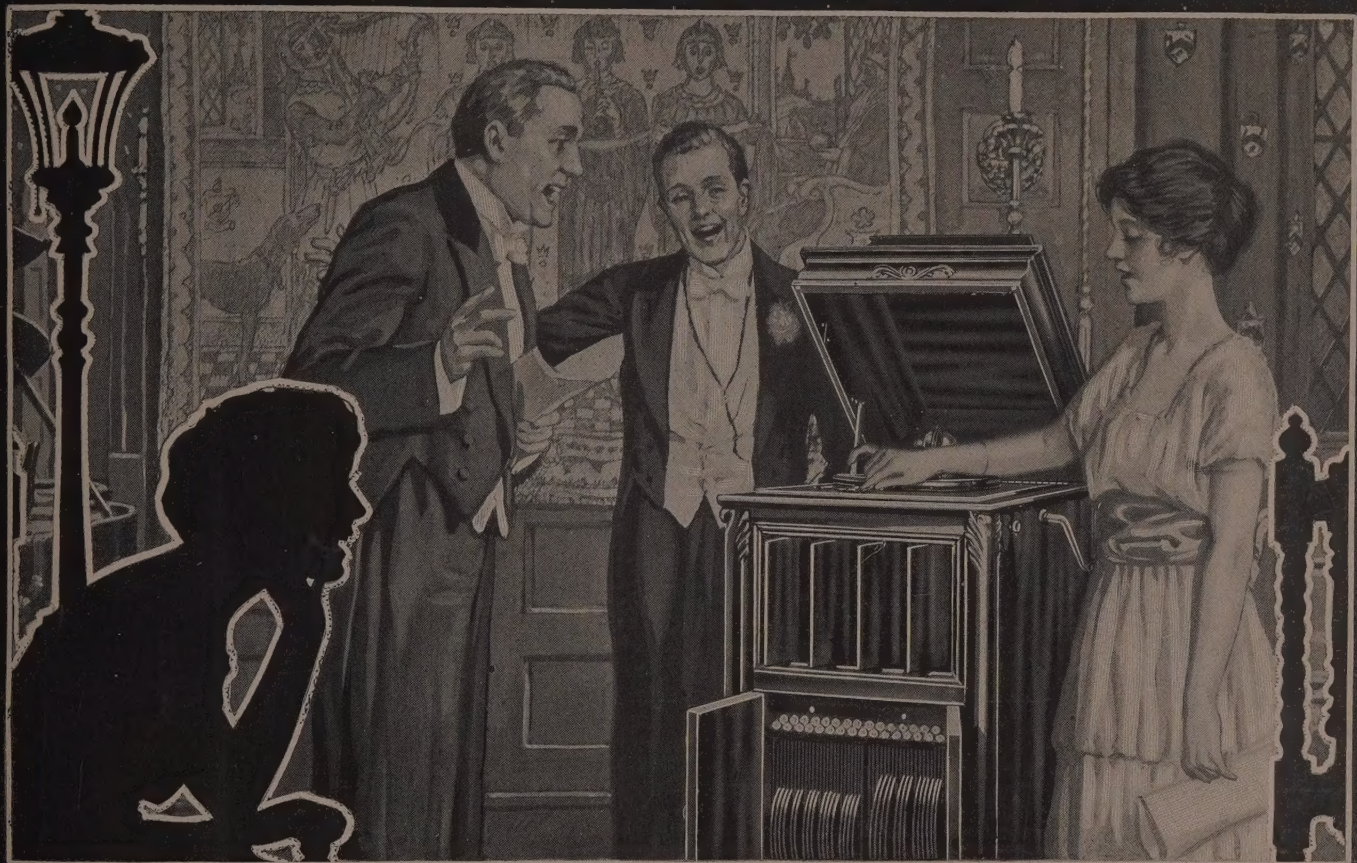


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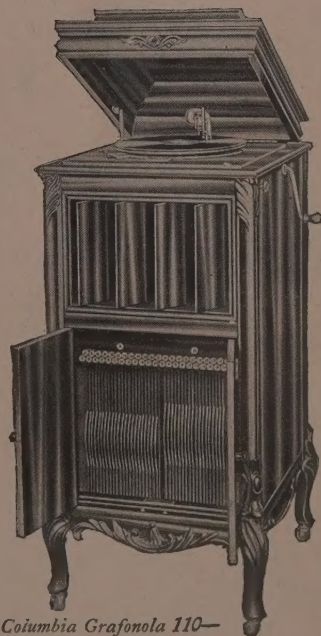
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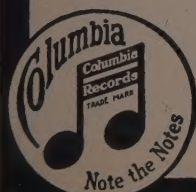
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White

Edited by ARTHUR HORNELOW

#### WHAT TO SEE AT THE THEATRES

**ASTOR.** "HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLIDAY." Prohibition play in which George M. Cohan, the author, makes facetious use of Billy Sundayism.

**BANDBOX.** WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS. A new bill of unique one act plays, well acted, presented by these interesting players.

**BELASCO.** "THE BOOMERANG." Amusing comedy, cleverly acted by Martha Hedman, Wallace Edginger and other favorites.

**BOOTH.** "DAVID GARRICK." Mr. E. H. Sothern in a revival of the Robertsonian comedy made famous by his father.

**CANDLER.** "THE HOUSE OF GLASS." Emotional drama dealing with a woman unjustly accused of crime.

**CASINO.** "THE BLUE PARADISE." A merry musical play.

**COHAN.** "COCK O' THE WALK." A play of the stage, inspired by the Shakespearean tercentenary with Otis Skinner in the rôle of a swaggering actor.

**COMEDY.** "HOBSON'S CHOICE." Quaint and whimsical play telling an old-fashioned story in a new fashioned way.

**CORT.** "THE PRINCESS PAT." Eleanor Painter in an exceedingly tuneful comic operetta by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom.

**ELTINGE.** "FAIR AND WARMER." New farce full of wit and humor. Highly amusing.

**EMPIRE.** MAUDE ADAMS in a revival of Barrie's charming Scotch play, "The Little Minister."

**FORTY-EIGHTH STREET.** "JUST A WOMAN." A new play by Eugene Walter, centering around the steel industry in Pennsylvania.

**FORTY-FOURTH STREET.** "KATINKA." A typical musical play by the authors of "High Jinks" and "The Firefly."

**FULTON.** "RUGGLES OF RED GAP." Ralph Herz in a farce based on the well-known stories.

**GAIETY.** "ERSTWHILE SUSAN." Mrs. Fiske in the rôle of an elocution teacher in a play founded on the novel, "Barnabette."

**GARDEN.** "THE WEAVERS." Splendid presentation in English of Gerhart Hauptmann's drama of social justice with Emanuel Reicher and his company.

**GLOBE.** "STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!" Gaby Deslys in a new and lavishly staged revue.

CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Gaby Deslys and her company in "Stop! Look! Listen!"

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#### THE COVER:

Portrait in colors of Miss Billie Burke

The colored portraits that appear on our covers are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of

#### WHAT TO SEE AT THE THEATRES

**HARRIS.** "SADIE LOVE." Romantic farce well acted. Only mildly amusing.

**HIPPODROME.** "HIP-HIP-HOO-RAY." Sumptuous spectacle, full of novel surprises, and with a beautiful ballet on skates.

**HUDSON.** "THE CINDERELLA MAN." A whimsical four act comedy with Shelley Hull and Phoebe Foster in the cast.

**LIBERTY.** "SYBIL." Those popular stars, Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn in a new musical play.

**LONGACRE.** "THE GREAT LOVER." Leo Ditrichstein in a highly successful romantic comedy of grand opera life.

**LYCEUM.** "OUR MRS. MCCHESENEY." High and eccentric comedy by George V. Hobart and Edna Ferber.

**LYRIC.** "ABE AND MAWRUSS." A continuation of "Potash and Perlmutter." Amusing and well-acted.

**MAXINE ELLIOTT'S.** "THE PRIDE OF RACE." Robert Hilliard as star in a new play.

**NEW AMSTERDAM.** "AROUND THE MAP." New musical play with lavish scenic equipment and wonderful costumes. Poor libretto.

**PLAYHOUSE.** "MAJOR BARBARA." Typical Shaw satire, full of clever dialogue and the usual half truths. Brilliantly acted by Grace George and her company.

**PRINCESS.** "VERY GOOD EDDIE." New musical piece founded on the farce "Over Night."

**PUNCH AND JUDY.** "TREASURE ISLAND." A creditable performance of the dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's well-known story "Treasure Island."

**REPUBLIC.** "COMMON CLAY." Sociological drama, highly dramatic, affording Jane Cowl emotional opportunities. Rather weak ending.

**SHUBERT.** "ALONE AT LAST." A typical Franz Lehar operetta.

**THIRTY-NINTH STREET.** "THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN." Modern comedy by Louis K. Anspacher—one of the best plays of the year.

**WINTER GARDEN.** "A WORLD OF PLEASURE." A typical Winter Garden show presented by popular favorites.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Money cannot buy the privilege and this applies to the inside contents of the magazine as well. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Billie Burke was born in Washington and educated in France. During 1898 and 1899 she toured through Austria, Germany, Russia, and France, and subsequently appeared in pantomime at Glasgow and Sheffield. Her début on the regular stage was made at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, May 9, 1903, in "The School Girl." After that she appeared in "The Duchess of Dantzic," in "My Wife" with John Drew at the Empire Theatre. In 1908 she was starred at the Lyceum Theatre in "Love Watches." Since then she has been successful in "Mrs. Dot," "Suzanne," "The Runaway," "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," "The Amazons," and "Jerry." Recently she has been acting for the "movies."

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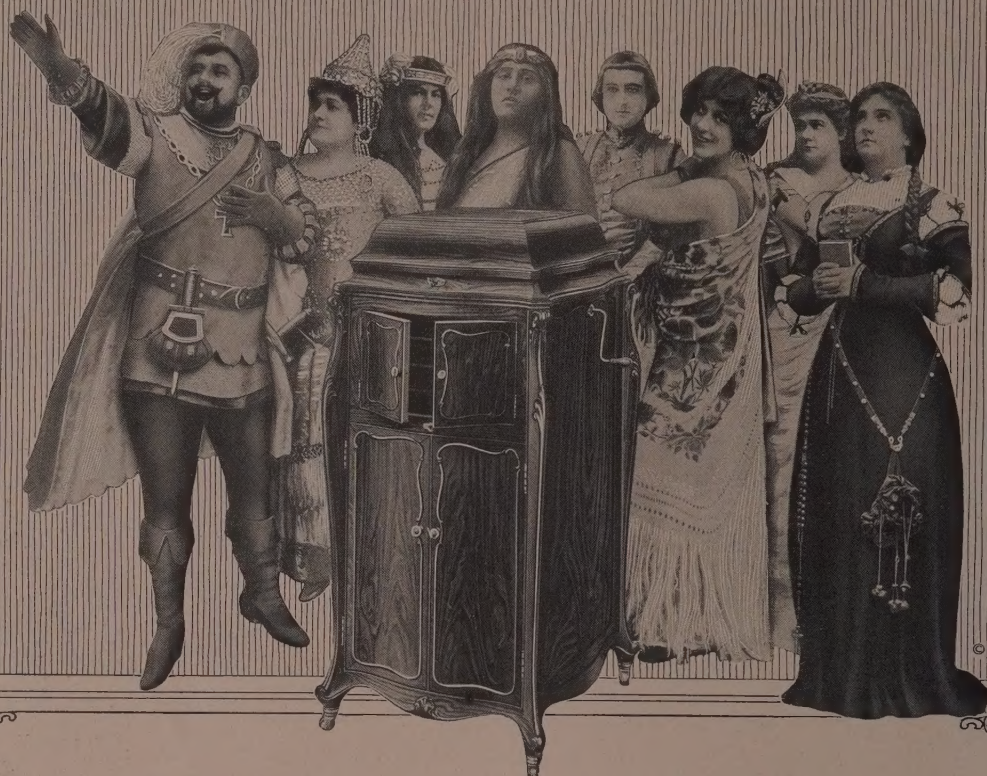
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# THE THEATRE

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White

E. H. SOTHERN AND ALEXANDRA CARLISLE IN "DAVID GARRICK" AT THE BOOTH





# Stage Whispers



## Punctuality

The disparity between the advertised hours as to when a show begins and the actual rise of the curtain is getting to be a well-established ground of complaint. Anyone who depends on what appears in the newspapers will find himself studying his program in a bare auditorium for a good twenty minutes. A man from out of town, the other day, with a limited amount of time on his hands took the trouble to make inquiry at the box office. "Eight twenty sharp!" was the reply. He arrived to the minute, but it was twenty minutes later before the curtain went up. The première of one play last week, advertised for a quarter past eight, began at quarter to nine. All this makes for confusion and discomfort. At one performance recently I neither saw nor heard a third of the opening act as two big theatre parties arrived one after the other, took a massed position in the aisle and then proceeded to debate as to whether Clarence should sit next to Minnie or whether the hostess should sacrifice herself and occupy the seat next to a stranger.

\* \* \*

## Money or Brains?

James K. Hackett, the well-known actor, and George C. Tyler, the equally well-known manager, have joined forces with a view to producing plays. In announcing the fact, my esteemed contemporary, the *Globe*, remarks: "Mr. Hackett is to furnish the money; Mr. Tyler the brains." In view of the comparative values of money and brains, as set by modern standards, is it Mr. Hackett or Mr. Tyler who gets the slap?

\* \* \*

## G. B. Shaw in New York

The success of "Major Barbara" at the Playhouse suggests the query: Just how much of a clientèle has Bernard Shaw in New York? It was only a few years ago that Arnold Daly, in lack of another play, put on "Candida." Later George Tyler gave impetus to the growing Shaw vogue when he starred Daly in several of the plays and brought over Robert Lorraine in "Man and Superman." At sporadic intervals came performances, varying from stock companies in Kalamazoo to the very artistic Horniman Players. Last year was the deluge. Granville Barker presenting "Androcles and the Lion," "The Doctor's Dilemma" and others. Mr. Tyler brought over Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Pygmalion," and Arnold Daly gave "You Never Can Tell," "Candida" and "Arms and the Man." There never was such a Shaw year. This season months went by without a Shaw play. Then early in December Grace George introduced "Major Barbara" to New York. The next morning the Playhouse was sold out for four weeks ahead. Do these crowded houses represent Miss George's considerable following or is it the rush of a public starving for Shaw?

\* \* \*

## Mr. Frohman's Office Boy

William Rose tells this interesting story of Louise Closser Hale's first meeting with Arnold Daly:

When she resolved to go upon the stage Miss Closser, being still a young thing, went to Mr. Frohman's office, and steadied her nerves at the door by repeating over and over again, "Perseverance is the price of success" and such like bracing sentiments. In that way she got as far as the ante-room. There she saw an office boy sitting, with his feet upon the desk and a newspaper before him.

"Is Mr. Frohman in?" she asked.

"Naw," said the office boy without looking up.

"Then I'll wait," said the actress. She waited an hour in silence. Then it occurred to her to put a simple question.

"When will Mr. Frohman be in?"

"He ain't goin' to be in," answered the boy. "He's in Europe."

When she joined Mr. Daly's company last winter, Miss Closser told him the story.

"Were you that girl?" he said.

"Yes."

"Well, I was that boy."

\* \* \*

## Bernhardt in "Jeanne Doré"

Sarah Bernhardt has been reported dying almost as often as the Crown Prince. The latest bulletin regarding this wonderful woman is that she has recuperated from her illness and gone to London to fill an engagement. That she will ever be able to visit America again, as previously announced, is more than doubtful. The motion play "Jeanne Doré," now being shown to the public and for which she was photographed after the loss of a leg, was not released for some time, the manufacturers wishing to reap an extra profit by showing the film at the same time the great artist was performing here. The fact that the picture has now been released seems to indicate that the proposed American tour has been definitely abandoned. Sarah Bernhardt in "Jeanne Doré" is not the Sarah Bernhardt we care to remember. Her appearance on the film is a tribute to her unconquerable spirit, but not to her art. Most of the time she is seated, or leaning against a convenient support, and on the few occasions that she moves, her feeble steps are aided by other actors. Only sentimental interest in a great woman justifies such a pathetic revelation of lost power.

\* \* \*

## The Palmist

Bernhardt's ready wit is well known. A well-known French palmist was considering going to England to practice her art and was in doubt as to whether she would be as successful on the other side of the channel as she had been at home. She consulted the divine Sarah.

"Would I succeed if I went to London?" the palmist asked.

"Better look at your hand and find out," was the quick reply.

\* \* \*

## Brady as a Film Man

William A. Brady, a man of many parts, now may number the direction of a photoplay among his accomplishments. He says unkind things about motion pictures now and then; none the less, he is chairman of the World Film Corporation Board of Directors and more than a little particular about the pictures issued under his name. A few weeks ago he saw the first print of a production in which his daughter, Alice Brady, is starred, and it didn't please him at all. He noted the scenes to be retaken and then, lest there be some mistake, dropped his managerial activities long enough to go to the Fort Lee studio and direct the action himself. Now he is satisfied.

\* \* \*

## Upheaval!

Film makers have their hands full just now attending to the requirements of their expensive stars. Billie Burke caused something of an upheaval at the Biograph studio—the best appointed studio in New York—when she signed a thirty-two weeks' contract with George Kleine to appear in a photoplay serial. Having estimated the respective merits of all of the rooms, she selected the two most to her liking, thereby necessitating the removal of several company officials. Then the furnishings did not please her artistic sense, and she told Mr. Kleine just what is suitable in a dressing room and a reception room. Is it necessary to add that she had her way?

## Fairbanks in the Ring

Douglas Fairbanks is proficient in rôles demanding agility. He is quite the most athletic of matinée idols and now that he has become a motion picture star he finds even greater demand for physical prowess. Recently he figured as the hero in the most remarkable scene of the kind ever made for a photoplay. It was staged at the Sharkey Athletic Club, New York, where Fairbanks, before some six hundred spectators, many of them Lambs and Friars, entered the ring and knocked out a professional pugilist while the crowd cheered. The actor revealed a surprising knowledge of boxing, also shoulders that would be a good advertisement for a physical culture school. Nat Goodwin was among the fight fans gathered to see Fairbanks perform. One of the preliminary bouts lacked snap, whereupon Goodwin shouted: "It looks like a 'still.'" A "still," it may be noted, is the technical term for a motionless photograph of a photoplay scene. The crowd roared its approval.

\* \* \*

## Salvini in America

Tommaso Salvini, the famous Italian tragedian, who died in Florence on January 1st last, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, was a familiar figure to American theatre-goers. He made several tours of this country appearing in the most popular pieces of his repertoire, "The Gladiator," "Othello" and "La Morte Civile." His earlier tours were very successful, but the last visit in 1893 proved a financial disappointment. One serious handicap was that the tragedian did not act in English. He spoke his lines in Italian, his supporting company, headed at one time by Viola Allen, answering in English—a makeshift confusing both to the players and the public. Eugene Field, reviewing the Salvini performance in the *Chicago News*, of January 14, 1886, amused his readers with the following specimen of the Salvini dialogue as heard from the orchestra seats:

\* \* \*

## A Polyglot "Othello"

VIOLA ALLEN—You sent for me, me lord?

SALVINI (gloomily)—Si, signora.

VIOLA ALLEN—Wherefore, I prithee, tell me?

SALVINI (seizing her by the arm)—Questa infelice grazio guglielmo si giacomu puella leustra!

VIOLA ALLEN (deprecatingly)—Oh, me lord!

SALVINI (with suppressed rage)—Sospiro, ah! m'appari—questa adagio benana rodrigo piano?

VIOLA ALLEN—On me soul, I know not!

SALVINI (glaring at her)—Che la morte sostenuto miserere piazza milano presto patti?

VIOLA ALLEN (shuddering)—Me lord, you amaze me!

SALVINI (dragging her to L. U. E.)—Sperato hernani guestato habani viglio genoa columbo guesta grazia novello!

VIOLA ALLEN—Oh!

SALVINI—Descendo, crescendo et diminuendo piano-forte!

VIOLA ALLEN—With a dagger, me lord!

SALVINI—Fortissimo.

VIOLA ALLEN—When the pale moon shines on yonder pallid corpse?

SALVINI (frowningly and hoarsely)—Lazzaroni pianissimo!

VIOLA ALLEN—Heaven's will be done! But what if he bear it not hither?

SALVINI (raising his sword on high)—Questa padre novello bella donna trovatore. Signora! Che la mezza?

VIOLA ALLEN—Yes, my lord.

SALVINI—Si?

VIOLA ALLEN—Yes.

SALVINI (approvingly)—Si. (Exeunt.)





Photo copyright Ira L. Hill

BILLIE BURKE (MRS. FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, Jr.)





# The New Plays

COHAN. "COCK O' THE WALK." Comedy in four acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced on December 27th with this cast:

Antony Bellchamber, Otis Skinner; Sir Augustus Conyers, Vernon Steel; Sir Roger Winch, Walter F. Scott; Sir Fisher Staynes, Walter Gibbs; Sir John Darrell, Frederick M. Conklin; Lord Bishop of Barum, Kenyon Musgrave; Lord Bishop of Sherbourne, John Rogers; Lord Bishop of Malmesbury, Harry Dodd; Lord Bishop of Silchester, John Gibbs; Mr. Bridle, Reginald Barlow; Clibbets, Ernest A. Elton; Lobb, Harry Scarborough; Burcham, Richard Webster; Johanna Bridle, Janet Dunbar; Clara Fleckner, Enid Bennett; Pamela Gady, Rita Otway.

"Cock o' the Walk" is an eclectic piece of back-work turned out by a technical expert. Henry Arthur Jones has taken Rover, Fitzaltamont and David Garrick and from them has evolved Antony Bellchamber, a bibulous, disappointed quotation quoting actor of the old school, which Otis Skinner enacts with commendable spirit and earnest enthusiasm. Bellchamber saves an actor-manager from a threatened scandal and as a reward secures the long-desired opportunity to act Othello on the London boards; at the same time pointedly convincing a love-sick maiden of the very great dangers that await a too great devotion at the shrine of a matinée idol. The comedy enables its author to get in some pregnant digs at the weaknesses and foibles of English titled actor-managers, and some sly slaps at the clergy. It is good serviceable if uninspired dialogue that he has turned out, and as in all his comedies certain types are excellently developed providing several in a well-balanced company capital opportunities for good acting. The love-sick heroine, twin sister of Ada Ingot, is acted with emotional enthusiasm by Janet Dunbar while her "cattish" friend is quite a little gem of characterization as presented by Enid Bennett. The temperamental waitress is well done by Rita Otway. Vernon Steel is casually ingratiating as the matinée idol, and his harassed secretary is neatly done by Ernest A. Elton. The various Bishops are excellent in their varying qualities of eccentricities.

HUDSON. "BUNNY." Play in three acts by Austin Strong. Produced on January 4th last with the following cast:

Mr. McComas, Jock McGraw; Jennie, Eva Le Gallienne; Charles Nathaniel Disney, M.A., Lewis S. Stone; The Bishop of Headington, George Kay; Lieut. Richard de Crespigny, Claude Beerbohm; Lord MacDonald Dicey, Henry Stephenson; The Bailiff, Harold Hubert; Kate Cavanaugh, Hilda Spong; Sylvia de Crespigny, Gypsy O'Brien; Polly, Olive Murray; Wilson, Kenneth Lee; Colonel Lord Fromer, William H. Sams; Lady Stewart, Kate Wingfield.



Hare  
Ernest Truex and Alice Dovey  
in "Very Good, Eddie"  
at the Princess.

Atmosphere, charm and the picturesqueness of the past of 1847 are all associated with Austin Strong's latest play. It is a fragile thing at best and would be better for compression, but it has distinct merit in characterization; and there are moments in the dialogue that evidence observation and theatrical adaptability. But there is altogether too much that is obvious and trivial and to plant the cen-

White

## SCENE IN "THE WEAVERS"

Gerhart Hauptmann's powerful drama of the proletariat presented by Emanuel Reicher at the Garden Theatre was first produced at the Freie Buehne, Berlin, in 1892. It is purely representative of modern development in German dramatic art which is its main significance to American audiences.

tral figure, an absent-minded dreamy book lover obsessed with a love that to him seems unresponsive calls for a mass of stage preparation that becomes childishly tiresome. Professor Goodwillies are generally amiable bores. This one, however, Charles Nathaniel Disney, M.A., finally arouses himself from his lethargy, resorts to heroic measures and from the very foot of the altar rescues to himself the girl, destined by her scheming brother, to be the bride of a bullying, notorious officer. Lewis S. Stone plays Disney, and while physically unsuited to a complete realization of the rôle still acts it with really skilled intelligence, nicety of detail and responsive graciousness and ultimate dash. The boulder brother is deftly limned by Claude Beerbohm. There is fine elegance and comic gusto in Henry Stephenson's picture of the dull-witted friend, the complement to which is Hilda Spong's dashing and genial portrait of the Irish widow, Kate Cavanaugh. Gypsy O'Brien is quite too colorless as the heroine.

PRINCESS. "VERY GOOD, EDDIE." Musical play in two acts. Book by Philip Bartholomae and Guy Bolton. Lyrics by Schuyler Green.



White

## MRS. FISKE

in "Erstwhile Susan" at the Gaiety





© Ira L. Hill CYNTHIA LATHAM  
appearing in "Sybil" at the Liberty.

Music by Jerome Kern. Produced on December 23rd with the following cast:

Monsieur de Rougement, James Lounsberry; Purser, Lew Fullerton; Dick Rivers, Oscar Shaw; Mme. Matropo, Ada Lewis; Elsie Lilly, Anna Orr; Eddie Kettle, Ernest Truex; Georgina Kettle, Helen Raymond; Magazine Girl, Dorothy Londoner; Percy Darling, John Willard; Elsie Darling, Alice Dovey; West Point Cadet, Kuy Kendall; Al Cleveland, John E. Hazzard; Victoria Lake, Julia Mills; Crystal Poole, Tess Mayer; Lily Pond, Bessie Kelly; Belle Fontaine, Arline Chase; Flo Tide, Helen Bond; Virginia Spring, Dorothy Silvia.

In this rearranged form of the farce, "Over Night," there is little that is new, if indeed there is not a very considerable loss from the original, but the story serves. The conspicuous merits of the production were to be seen in the unconventional handling of the lighting, colors, costumes, and dances. Wherever the performance fell short in comedy it gained in the refinement of its individual numbers. The production, as a whole, strikes a new note. The girls, in their simple costumes, delightfully varied in style and figured design, have been taken in hand and trained to a certain grace and modesty that produces an effect that is distinctly not that of the usual professional dancers. The two principals are Ernest Truex and Alice Dovey. Miss Dovey is dainty; Ernest Truex, who has shown himself versatile in various plays, capable of emotional expression and strength, subdues himself to the quiet tone of the musical comedy, and exhibits his fine qualities at a new angle. He does not particularly distinguish himself as a master of melody in song but his sense of humor is marked, and he makes all the points in "When You Wear a Thirteen Collar."

HARRIS. "THE DEVIL'S GARDEN." Play in four acts by Edith Ellis, founded on William B. Maxwell's story. Produced on December 28th last with the following cast:

Danvers, Eric Snowden; Mr. Ridgett, Rule Pyott; William Dale, Lyn Harding; Col. Manners, J. Palmer Collins; Sir John Perdue, Frederick Annerley; Hon. Evarard Barradine, William Devereux; Mavis, Lillian Albertson; Mary, Rhoda Beresford; Aunt Petherick, Alice Augarde Butler; Mr. Druitt, Charles W. Butler; Norah, Geraldine O'Brien; Billy, Emmett Bradley; Rachael, Gladys Bradley; Mr. Osborne, Albert Tavernier.

Edith Ellis has written a really big play. For while, of course, the story and its philosophy are based on W. B. Maxwell's novel of the same name only an artist could have transferred its compre-

domestic tragedy of large import and artistic intent. The stage settings designed by Robert Jones are really illuminative and distinctly help by the responsive character of their line and tone. The injured wife is acted with fine emotional reserve by Lillian Albertson while something quite unusual is contributed by Geraldine O'Brien as the Erdgeist waif. Quite uncanny in its deep significance and exploited meaning is Miss O'Brien's acting.

FULTON. "RUGGLES OF RED GAP." Play in three acts by Harrison Rhodes, from the stories by Harry Leon Wilson. Incidental music by



White

MAY NAUDAIN AND BRIDESMAIDS IN ACT I OF "KATINKA"  
now being presented at the 44th Street Theatre.

hensive psychology into a truly satisfying drama. This Miss Ellis has done. She has made vitally gripping the life story of William Dale, the English postmaster of Rodchurch, who murders the titled seducer of his wife, when a child, only to find himself years after the threatened victim of the infatuation of a girl of seventeen. It is quite Greek-like in the way the fates seem to pursue Dale, who finally meets his sacrificial end saving the inmates of a burning children's asylum. The tortures of a conscience-stricken soul are portrayed with telling grasp by the author and depicted in life with splendid art and wonderful verisimilitude by Lyn Harding. It is perhaps not a play for the general nor to be commented to the young, but it is grim, powerful

Sigmund Romberg. Lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Produced on December 25th with this cast:

Mrs. Floud (Mrs. Effie), Louise Closser Hale; Mrs. Charles Belknap-Jackson, Lucile Blair; Mr. Charles Belknap-Jackson, Lynn Pratt; Mr. Egbert Floud, Frederick Burton; Hon. Vane-Basingwell, George Hassell; Senator James Knox Floud, James C. Malaidy; Manager of Hotel Castiglione, Frederick Osborne; Mrs. Kenner (Klondike Kate), Jobyna Howland; Alfred Ruggles, Ralph Herz; Earl of Brinstead, Arthur Lacey; Mrs. Judson, Josephine Drake; Wattermann, Philip Dunning; Mrs. Pettingill (The Mixer), Jessie Ralph; Jeff Tuttle, Fred W. Strong; Mrs. Judge Ballard, Adelaide Cumming; Miss Beryl Mae Watson, Viola Bowers.

To translate thirty or forty people from the pages of a novel and put them on the stage, carrying them from Paris to the mining town of Red Gap in the region of the setting sun in America, requires too many octaves, perhaps, for manipulation by the most expert dramatist. Mr. Harrison Rhodes has fallen short of his task, but he has succeeded in his characterizations



Ralph Herz

SCENE IN ACT I OF "RUGGLES OF RED GAP" AT THE FULTON THEATRE





White

JOSEPH SANTLEY AND THE MAGAZINE GIRLS IN "STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!" AT THE GLOBE

and in many of his incidents. The idea for the play centres more in the Valet, Alfred Ruggles, than appears in the dramatization. The play primarily concerns him, consequently he should begin to figure earlier in the action and be more active than he is. This valet is the indispensable attendant of a "second son" of the English nobility who visits the apartments in Paris of the family of the Flouds, suddenly rich vulgar Americans, the wife being ambitious of social polish. At a friendly game of cards the shrewd social climber wins the services of this useful person and purposes to take him with her to Red Gap to effect the social supremacy that she plans in that unregenerate outpost of civilization. When the Valet reaches the Western town, through a mistake of a local reporter he is described as an English gentleman and must submit to social attention, Mrs. Floud being compelled to accept the situation. The process of Americanizing the Valet is difficult because he cannot reconcile himself to American ideas of equality. Therein lies the comedy. Ralph Herz, if the part of Alfred Ruggles were properly developed for him, could prosper in it.

**44TH STREET. "KATINKA."** Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach. Music by Rudolf Friml. Produced on December 23rd with the following cast:

Varenka, Nina Napier; Petrov, Albert Sackett; Boris Strogoff, Count Lorrie Grimaldi; Katinka, May Naudain; Tatina, Norma Mendoza; Ivan Dimitri, Samuel Ash; Thaddeus Hopper, Franklyn Ardell; Abdul, Daniel Baker; Arif Bey, Edward Durand; Olga (Nashan), Edith Decker; Mrs. Helen Hopper, Adele Rowland.

As the curtain went up on the first act of "Katinka" I had to read the program several times to convince myself that it took place in Russia and not on Broadway, judging by the Johnnies on the stage. But I was ready to overlook this. Did not the names of Hauerbach and Friml appear in big type? Maybe I expected too much. "Katinka" could have been the hit of the season. It

started so well. The music sounded original, but before the second act was over it had returned to the level of the every-day musical show. The scenery, costumes are all in good taste. Adele Rowland (Mrs. Helen Hopper) far outshines the balance of the company.

**GLOBE. "STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!"** Musical comedy in three acts. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Book by Harry B. Smith. Produced on December 25th with the following cast:

Gideon Gay, Frank Lalor; Mary Singer, Justine Johnstone; Rob Ayres, James Doyle; Frank Steele, Harland Dixon; Mary Brown, Eva Francis; Violette, Gaby Deslys; Abel Connor, Harry Fox; Lotta Nichols, Helen Barnes; Van Cortland Parke, Joseph Santley; Willie Chase, Florence Tempest; Vera Gay, Marion Sunshine; Marion Bright, Marion Harris; Anthony St. Anthony, Harry Piler.

Said Charles Dillingham to himself: "Am I going to stop with three successes in one year," referring, of course, to "Watch Your Step," "Chin Chin" and the Hippodrome? "Certainly not," and calling around him his composer, his librettists, his scenic artist, and stage directors he said to them, "Stop! Look! Listen!" "I want another hit for the Globe. What say you of Gaby Deslys as the star, and Berlin allied to France?" And he was the first to laugh at his own joke. Each did his share and the 1916 vintage of this new musical comedy has come to stay, not that it is a masterpiece—no one looks for that nowadays—but it serves the purpose admirably.

Gaby Deslys' exhibition of French gowns and monumental headgear are sensations in themselves. Her singing shows no improvement, but her dancing does, and those European artists have a *je ne sais quoi*, as the French would say, quite inimitable.

Among the men Harry Fox deserves special mention for some real good work, and the dancing of Doyle and Dixon is both artistic and comical. We go on record that Charles Dillingham has a fourth success on his hands.

**RUTH ST. DENIS.**—Assisted by a large com-

pany of dancers, Ruth St. Denis began her annual New York engagement at the Hudson Theatre, December 27th, in a program of oriental, classic and modern dances. Ted Shawn, who created and taught "Nature Rhythm," appeared at his best in the invocation, "The Lord Is My Shepherd." The Nature Rhythms were very beautiful in spots—particularly Will-o-Wisp, Dawn, Sunrise, Dragon Fly, Sunset Torch Dance, Crescent Moon and the Bat. The costumes were carefully selected and in most cases helped in a very material way to make the dance. The other numbers were scarcely of value—"Bubbles" being particularly bad except for the color combinations. From the moment the curtain rose on Miss St. Denis the reason for her success was apparent. She has the rare gift of subordinating every vestige of her own personality in her rôle. As "The Spirit of the Sea" she immediately scored another hit. As the Japanese Omika in "Japan" as well as in "Egypt" she exhibited her versatility, but it was in "India," the Legend of the Peacock, that she had the greatest scope. Every movement, every turn had evidently been studied from the bird of Pride, and the costume as well as the set was a joy to the eye. Not so that of Mr. Shawn which struck a very discordant note.

In addition to the Radha dance, now so well known, there were a number of modern dances. The St. Denis Mazourka was excellent.

**BOOTH. "DAVID GARRICK."** Comedy in three acts by T. W. Robertson. Produced on January 10th with the following cast:

David Garrick, E. H. Sothorn; Simon Ingot, Charles Verner; Squire Chivy, Orlando Daly; Mr. Smith, Robert Lee Allen; Mr. Browne, Ezra C. Walck; Mr. Jones, Albert Howson; Thomas, E. F. Nagle; George, Lowden Adams; Servant, A. Borneham; Ada Ingot, Alexandra Carlisle; Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Fanny Addison Pitt; Miss Aramintha Brown, Katharine Brook.

After fixing on a certain date for his production of "David Gar- (Continued on page 116)



# The Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration

TO celebrate the greatness of Shakespeare, who died three hundred years ago, and to foster a livelier appreciation of his art, the Shakespeare Celebration has been incorporated



SHAKESPEARE  
1616-1916

ated to stimulate and co-ordinate the festivals which will be held in New York next spring to celebrate the tercentennial of the poet's death. The incorporators are: Miss Mary Porter Beegle, Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, Mr. W. Forbes Morgan, Jr., Mr. Percy MacKaye and Miss Kate Oglebay. The list of directors includes the incorporators, the heads of the various departments, and others experienced in festival organization.

The idea of the festival originated at the National Convention of the Drama League in St. Louis in 1914. The celebration will be nationwide, but the New York Shakespeare Celebration will concern itself solely with the festivals of Greater New York and immediate vicinity. Offices have been opened at No. 10 East 43rd Street, where books, pictures, posters and prints of interest to Shakespearean students are on view, and which serves as a bureau of information. The Celebration Committee is as follows: Chairman, Miss Mary Porter Beegle; The Community Masque, Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin; National Masque Organization, Mr. Howard Kyle; Finance, Mr. W. Forbes Morgan, Jr.; Vice-Chairman, Mr. Cranston Brenton; Supplementary Celebrations, Miss Kate Oglebay; Music, Mr. Arthur Farwell; Press, Mr. Will Irwin; Publications, Dr. William E. Bohn; Libraries, Miss Florence Overton; Clubs, Mrs. August Dreyer; Celebrations in Colleges, Professor Allan Abbott; Gardens, Professor Edmund Bronk Southwick. Among others taking an active part in the celebration are Mayor Mitchell, Winthrop Ames, Gertrude Atherton, David Belasco, Otto Kahn, Daniel Frohman, Augustus Thomas, Franklin H. Sargent, Richard Aldrich, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, Clayton Hamilton, Ida Tarbell, Mrs. Fiske and John H. Finlay.

Among musicians Joseph Stransky, of the Philharmonic, and Walter Damrosch, of the New York Symphony, have signified their desire to have their final performances composed of music inspired by Shakespeare. A like enthusiasm is evident among colleges, social settlements, churches, recreation centers, clubs, public schools, parochial schools, private schools,

dancing schools, art schools, Public School Athletic League, gardens, Y. W. C. A.'s, Y. M. C. A.'s, Masonic lodges, continuation classes in department stores, etc.

Here are some of the forms which the celebration will take:

Play, masque, festival, pageant, music, dancing, chorus, ballads, lecture, sermon, art and handicraft exhibit, library exhibit, club program, study course, story-telling, tableaux, tree planting, Shakespeare garden.

All of these celebrations will lead up to the Community Masque in honor of Shakespeare, written by Percy MacKaye. This will be performed, under Mr. MacKaye's direction, during the week of May 23rd, at night. A request had been made to build the Amphitheatre in Central Park, but permission being withheld, another site will be chosen.

The Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue has just opened a special exhibition of Shakespeareana. Among other interesting exhibits are a number of Ada Rehan's prompt books containing notes, comments, directions as to business and interpretation, many of them in the characteristic handwriting of the late Augustin Daly. These books are a part of Miss Rehan's collection, which she has given entire to the New York Public Library, the whole forming a unique theatrical collection. The Library is also the possessor of several first folios and of some manuscripts and unusual prints which are of great interest.

As announced in these columns last month the THEATRE MAGAZINE will celebrate the event by devoting almost its entire April number to Shakespeareana. It will be a very sumptuous issue, printed on special paper and containing rare Shakespearean engravings, wood cuts, and autograph manuscripts in facsimile. Special articles on the Bard will be contributed by famous Shakespeare scholars and critics.

Inspired by the general revival of interest in Shakespeare a number of theatrical managers are busy preparing productions of the poet's works. James K. Hackett has engaged Viola

Skinner is at present appearing in "Cock o' the Walk," a play of the stage inspired by the Shakespeare Tercentenary. At the Bandbox Theatre has been presented a satire by Philip Moeller, entitled "The Roadhouse in Arden," a whimsicality for the tercentenary. The characters are Mr. Hamlet, Mistress Cleopatra Hamlet, Robin Goodfellow Hamlet, Mistress Immortality, and "two literary men from London," William S. and Francis B.

Mr. MacKaye's Masque is a symbolic drama showing the growth of the art of the theatre through the ages, from the earliest civilized times. Its theme is the power of dramatized beauty over the spirits of men. The action is contained in the prologue, three acts and epilogue, performed by a company of professional actors. Between these come the three "community interludes," in which the large groups of trained amateurs will perform their action, in dance, pageantry and choruses, on the "ground circle."

The author has taken for his purpose certain characters out of Shakespeare's "Tempest." Caliban, the deformed creature, half man, half brute, is a cringing servant in the power of the good Ariel, who in turn serves the great Prospero and his daughter Miranda. The masque begins before the arrival of Prospero on the magic isle. The scene is the cave of Setebos, the god of elemental Force, and the father of Caliban, whose mother is Sycorax, the primæval earth-spirit. Ariel, held captive in the fangs of the idol Setebos, longs for the arrival of Prospero, who shall free him. Miranda comes, and Caliban, charmed with her strange beauty, makes love to her. Prospero arrives in time to save her. He dethrones Setebos, destroys Sycorax, and appoints Ariel to train Caliban's spirit to good uses, through the magic art of the theatre. He then conjures before them the historic pageant of the art of the theatre. Thus begins the first interlude.

This interlude presents, through rituals of pageantry and music, varied forms of the dramatic art of antiquity, as evolved in ancient Egypt, India, Greece and Rome. Caliban shows keen interest. He is the brute part of human nature, but his childlike love to imitating his betters leads him to study this fascinating art of the theatre which hopefully may become his salvation. In the first act, which now follows, he conspires with the three priests of Setebos, Lust, Death and War, to regain his lost power. First Lust dominates, and the Roman mobs of the degenerate Empire almost overpower Prospero and the spirits of Ariel, as they overpowered the vitality of the drama in historic fact. Bursting serene in splendor upon the



Photo H. B. Smith Kenyon Musgrave

Mr. Skinner

Vernon Steel

OTIS SKINNER IN HENRY ARTHUR JONES' COMEDY "COCK O' THE WALK"

Allen to appear as a co-star with him in a revival of "Macbeth." These players will also give "Othello," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Otis

scene, the cross of the Christian church restrains and subdues them. Then follows, with the second community interlude, the pageant of the theatre of the Middle Ages.





Photos White

Act I. William Dale (Mr. Harding) is rescued by the wealthy Barradine

Lyn Harding

**WILLIAM DALE**, the postmaster of Rodchurch, has been called to headquarters and is in danger of dismissal. By the intercession of the Hon. Evarard Barradine he is retained. The postmaster is much pleased until he learns that Barradine was called to the rescue by Mrs. Dale, whom he betrayed when she was but fifteen years old. Before the beginning of the next act Barra-



Lyn Harding

Lillian Albertson

Act I. Dale tortures a confession from his wife of Barradine's betrayal.

dine has been killed. The coroner's jury decides that his death was due to a fall from his horse, but in reality he was murdered by Dale. Ten years later, a child adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Dale grows up and falls in love with her foster parent, and Dale feels him-



Lyn Harding

Lillian Albertson

Act II. Mavis welcomes William Dale back to his home.

self succumbing to the temptation. In the end the postmaster is killed in rescuing a number of orphans from a near-by asylum.



Lyn Harding

Lillian Albertson

Act III. Mavis tells William of her anxiety for him.



Lyn Harding

Geraldine O'Brien

Act III. Norah, the gypsy girl, tells of her love for Dale.

SCENES IN "THE DEVIL'S GARDEN" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE HARRIS THEATRE



# The Humor of the Theatrical Interview

*Showing how players say what they don't mean, and the difficulties of the interviewer making actresses say anything worth publishing*

By ALAN DALE



The average actress sits with mommer, in an elaborate *peignoir*, looking delightfully unnatural. Mommer has been coached into silence, and is just a piece of furniture. There are a few well-bound books around—the sort of books that actresses should read, but don't. There are always flowers—tokens of esteem and admiration that have been sent to the theatre—perhaps by mommer!



THE diaphanous art of interviewing seems to have gone to the demition bow-wows, thither impelled by the froward press-agent, and the journalistic tinker. Both of these peevish bread-winners, in their anxiety to possess themselves of the tremendous possibilities of the interview, have stepped in to degrade and humiliate it—to make of it a ludicrous pretext, by means of which silly people say big things, and big people say silly things. No certificate of competence is at all necessary for the interviewer. Any illiterate reporter who knows how to fill a fountain pen, is permitted to fill a column with the alleged utterances of a Sarah Bernhardt, or a Tottie Coughdrop—and usually there is very little difference between the two, as he sees them. Any typewriter tapper may tap the minds of the greatest artists and thinkers, and display them to a surprised and incredulous world—mindlessly.

Having interviewed most of the important people both of yesterday and to-day, I think I am entitled to say a few tender yet reproachful words on the subject of an art that has been lost—or at least mislaid in the shuffle. Of late years, we have heard chorus girls, on the spur of the lovely moment, discuss topics that Cabinet Ministers could scarcely cope with; we have listened to third-rate actresses, addicted to fourth-rate grammar, expressing themselves in Addisonian eloquence; we have read the magniloquent tirades of actors who really have no views on any earthly subject, but their own "careers," while vaudeville "hully-jees!" have posed as the possessors of the most exquisite erudition.

On the other hand, actors and actresses with valuable mental equipment (and there are a few, but not too many of them) have apparently rushed into type with the most vapid and frivolous outbursts, couched in the reporter's cheapest and most garish vocabulary, and must have rubbed their eyes in spectacular amaze when they read the various stories of their contortions. All these interviews are flecked with unconscious humor, but it has taken the public a long time to realize this. To-day, the general public has as much faith in the veracity of an interview, as it has in the pellucid truth of the "display adver-

tisement in the dailies." Both are usually funny, but mendacious.

Years ago, reporters used to meet all the incoming steamships, with instructions to chat with the arriving theatrical people. Those were the days when a trip to Europe meant something, and when it was considered quite *chic* to go abroad. To-day, of course, it is very different. One goes abroad as one goes to Coney Island, and there is a band on board to make the resemblance keener. The reporters sometimes boarded the ships at quarantine, or often waited for weary hours on the dock, to meet the distinguished ones. The mode of interview never varied. The returning American actor would talk like this: "Oh, I am so happy to be back. I shed tears when I saw the Statue of Liberty, and the dear ferry boats, and the cute little tugs. After all, there is only one New York. London and Paris are very tiresome. There is nothing in either city in the least worth while."

The returning American actor said what the reporter felt that he *should* say. He said what the reporter himself would have liked to say, and what the reporter fondly imagined that the readers of his paper expected every decently organized American actor to say.

The foreign arrival was greeted with the query: "How do you like America?" probably because never having seen it, he was particularly fitted, by the reportorial idea, to give an apt and eloquent response to the question.

And that is what he did. Probably he had been well coached before he sailed, because years ago, before Europe had annexed the American idea of interviewing, Europe used to smile at it, and regard it as a nuisance. So the foreign arrival knew what to say when the reporter asked: "How do you like America?"

"I love it," he replied glibly. "It amazes and delights me. I see your sky-scrapers and they appeal to me as the wonders of the age. As for Staten Island" (which was really all that the poor thing had seen) "there is nothing like it abroad. All this hustle and bustle, I revel in as unique. Believe me, I had heard of America before" (and he usually had as far as the salaries paid to actors was concerned, and probably no farther) "but this vision exceeds anything I had anticipated. I am too full of emotion to say more."

Not only the silly people were made to talk like this, but also the "spiritual" ones. The reporter had only two ideas in his head—that hav-

ing seen Europe, the American actor *must* be delighted to return, and that *not* having seen America, the European actor *must* be overcome by his first trip. All very praiseworthy and patriotic on the part of the fervid young reporter, but a trifle humiliating for the art of the interview.

Later on, probably a dozen reporters for the various papers were "received" by the new arrival at his or her hotel, and favored with more fluent but no less humorous remarks, all designed for advertising purposes, and all throwing bouquets at the country with the shekels. The American actor invariably said that the stage abroad was stupid, and exhausted, and that European audiences lacked vitality. The Euro-



"Thank goodness he's gone!"



pean actor insisted that the youth and vigor of America were what he wanted to experience and insinuated that the quest of these had prompted his visit. It was all very nice, and cut-and-dried, and stereotyped, and banal. It satisfied the managers of the actors, and it satisfied the reporters. The reporters are always fond of the country in which they were born, because that country was lucky enough to bear them—which is after all, perhaps the real significance of most patriotism. The dozen interviews that appeared the following morning, threw very little light on the subject they were supposed to illumine, but the headlines were instructive. That which ornamented the American actor's chat was usually "Glad to get back," while the caption given to the European actor's arrival was generally "He loves America."

Simple and guileless? Yes, very, but those were the early stages of the interview, and they served their purposes, because they opened the way later to what became an art—the art that has now been lost, killed by the froward press-agent, and the journalistic tinker. For some years the interview flourished, and writers of distinction took it up, and embellished it with style and literary acumen. Theatrical people never had a finer medium for the exploitation of their personalities. Pen pictures of artists were quite popular, and some of them were valuable from a literary standpoint. People read them with pleasure not merely because they were "intimate," but because they were good to read. It was quite possible to write an interview free from flattery and adulation, and to point out the weak spots in a chat or a personality. It was rather like criticism, you know—unfortunately. It told the truth unerringly, and also un- luckily, and the object of the interview began to protest, just as the actor or manager who is criticized, protests. It was a pity, of course, but these things will happen, when they ride against capital and vested interests.

There was a time when the interview

was not funny at all, but merely instructive and literary—when one wrote of a chorus girl as one found her—and what a fund of humor she was!—and of an actor as one saw him. Of course, this "boomed" the subject a good deal more than the senseless embroideries of the interviews of to-day could ever do. It called attention to personalities; it invited discussion; it "made" readers among people who are not interested in the theatre. It was really a very excellent thing, but naturally it soon became as impossible as is criticism to-day. It was bound to go. It was doomed by the press-agent who, after all, can make his manager's star say exactly what he wants her to say.

Once I was called upon to interview a certain cele-



Chickering ADELE ROWLAND  
Appearing in "Katinka" at the 44th  
Street Theatre

shows an unabashed outlook—but when one's best rounded queries, and most carefully thought out interrogations evoke nothing more than "Tee-hee!" then you must admit that even a patient and long-suffering interviewer is justified in feeling a trifle put-out. Anyway, I was.

Well, I pen pictured that lady to the best of my ability, and omitted not a single "Tee-hee!" Everybody except the lady herself, I was told, thought it amusing. At any rate, it was true. I would have gambled anything on the certain vapidness of my subject. But later, somebody else chatted with her—a very admirable feminine writer who has long ago retired from such pastimes as journalism. I read her interview in amazement. The celebrated—perhaps I had better say notorious—dancer loomed up as a thinker, and a literary light. She discussed Béranger fluently; she uttered not a solitary "Tee-hee!" she was classical, erudite, and quite wonderful, and I can't help confessing that I laughed heartily for fifteen minutes. I am sure that the King would have laughed for twenty minutes. It was a beautifully written interview, and the actress herself must have loved it, just as she loved the photographs that flattered her. It made her "look pleasant" when I was perfectly certain that she didn't, and it fulfilled its purpose. Mine was a correct one, but I had left in the tell-tale wrinkles and the lines!

To-day, of course, the interview is nothing but a ludicrous eulogy of the person interviewed. As I say, the press-agent is the artist best fitted to do the work. He will invariably make his subject say something that the box-office of his theatre will appreciate—something sweet, suave, swift, and swirling.

The other night, a nice young woman, appearing in a current musical play, was interviewed in an evening paper, and permitted to advertise herself, and the part that she was playing, with delightful verbosity. All her remarks were "ele-



© Ira L. Hill  
JACK WILSON  
In "A World of Pleasure"  
at the Winter Garden

brated—perhaps I had better say notorious—dancer, who came from abroad, endorsed by a King. King had got very much mixed up with her—for Kings will be boys occasionally—and if he wished to forget it, she didn't. I am not going to dot any more i's or cross any more t's. Well, I found that she was very pretty, and very stupid. I tried my hardest to draw her out—and I flatter myself that I am always rather a success at that, not that it is a very priceless qualification. I failed absolutely. All she did was to giggle. To whatever I said, she replied: "Tee-hee!" It got on my nerves. An occasional "Tee-hee!" is all right for flavoring purposes—at least it



Matzene

DOROTHY MAYNARD

Soprano now appearing as Victoria in "To-night's the Night." She was featured as Nadina in "The Chocolate Soldier" in New York and last season starred most successfully in the Fritz Scheff and Trentini rôles for a season of light opera in Montreal.





Henry Stephenson      Lewis S. Stone      Hilda Spong

Act I. Bunny (Mr. Stone) tries to bring the couple together.

Lewis S. Stone and Gypsy O'Brien  
Act I. Bunny and Sylvia.

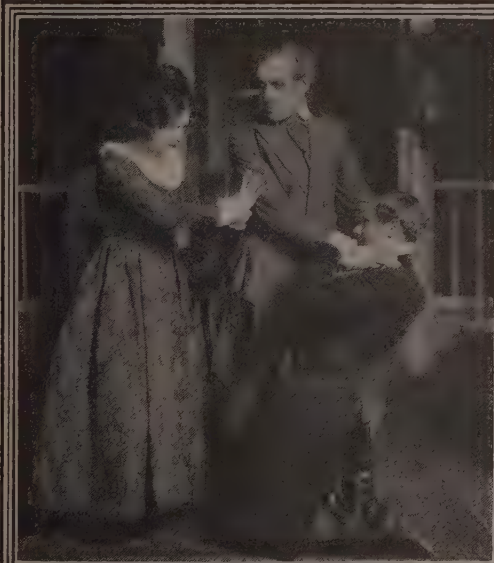
Eva Le Gallienne

Harold Hubert

Lewis S. Stone

Act I. Bunny makes a domestic pet of the wolf that has been at his door.

**BUNNY** is a dreamer of mild nature who keeps a second-hand bookshop. He is in love with Sylvia de Crespigny, and her brother feigning poverty, extorts money from the book dealer under pretence of poverty. His generosity towards Sylvia's worthless brother puts him in sad financial straits. He hears from a friend that Sylvia is to be married that day, and his fighting spirit is roused. He overpowers a bailiff who has been threatening him, and when Sylvia comes to say



Olive Murray      Lewis S. Stone      Claude Beerbohm

Act II. Bunny realizes the joy of using force for the first time.



Hilda Spong

Lewis S. Stone

Gypsy O'Brien

Act II. Bunny: "Have a piece of bread."

good-bye he locks her up in an inner room, and through the door makes love to her. He shoots the bridegroom with a pepper pot pistol, and keeps an angry mob at bay. In the excitement Sylvia runs away to the church, but just as Bunny thinks that she is lost to him, she returns and they rush off to be married.



Act III. The timid Bunny proves a raging lion.

Photos White

SCENES IN "BUNNY" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE HUDSON THEATRE



gant" and couched in irreproachable English, and among them I found this gem: "I am an American. I was born in Los Angeles, Cal., but have lived a great part of my life in Europe. Yet I did not permit any of the languorous influences so prevalent in the Latin races to obsess me."

Ha! Ha! I am quoting verbatim. Can you imagine any young woman with or without a sense of humor, making that pretty remark: "Yet I did not permit any of the languorous influences so prevalent in the Latin races to obsess me." Dear little girl! How dreadful to be obsessed by those "languorous influences"—even though I am sure that she has no more idea what they are than I have—or the public has. But it "reads" very well, if you read quickly. Personally I shall never see that young woman again—and I admire her immensely for her voice is lovely—without thinking of the "languorous influences" with which she refused to be obsessed. A few of them perhaps would have helped that interview. I wonder if the public thought she said it, or if she thought that the public thought that she said it. Such a nice girl, too!

When Miss Laurette Taylor returned to these shores—and they really are awfully nice shores for any American actress to return to—she was duly interviewed by the morning papers. She received the reporters at the St. Regis, which has a nice sound about it. I quote from one paper: "During the interview, she lay in a soft gray dressing gown, on a red and gold lounge, while six reporters and a press-agent sat on red and gold chairs. An electric warmer was attached to the paining side" (she was ill, poor girl!) "and a glass of medicine stood on the table."

She was suffering from the nervous strain of playing in London during the Zeppelin raids, and that was about all I could gain from anything I read. Yet here was a chance to be truthful, highly entertaining, and even instructive.

Actors may perhaps be excused for talking down to their interviewers, but if I were an actor, I think I should prefer to say nothing rather than talk trash—or talk to men who, I knew, were going to write trash. Sometimes I have rebelled at the silence of Mrs. Fiske, Maude Adams, and Eleonora Duse, when I particularly wanted them *not* to be silent, but in less selfish moments, I couldn't find it in my heart to blame them. They have been exquisitely silent throughout their careers, and it is a silence that has piqued the curiosity. Mrs. Fiske, of course, might tell us that she is very fond of Ibsen; or Maude Adams might inform us that she just doted on playing in Barrie comedies; or Eleonora Duse might soulfully describe the true manifestation of art—but think of the headlines they might get or the reporter's viewpoint that

they might involuntarily be forced to endorse!

A solemn interview is a dreadful thing—almost as bad as a press-agent's interview, which is saying a great deal. The art of interviewing insists upon lights and shadows. It demands a pen-picture. As somebody once wrote: "Those who are interviewed should not pose or fret, or form special phrases. They should realize that they are simply permitting a certain writer to give his opinion of their mental workings. It is

meeting behavior. Sometimes there are a few well-bound books around—the sort of books that actresses should read, but don't. Of course, the interviewer sees them—he couldn't help it unless he were blind. There are always flowers—tokens of esteem and admiration that have been sent to the theatre—perhaps by mommer! It is usually exceedingly awkward at first—until the actress has gauged her interviewer, which she often does very rapidly. Then she generally tells

him all about the part that she happens to be playing; how she loves it—how thoroughly she understands it; and how it has really become part and parcel of her life. She is frightfully serious. Throughout the interview, she sees nothing but herself and her own work. She has no interest in outside topics—and perhaps he fails to notice that the leaves of the well-bound books are uncut. She utters a long egotistical tirade that is valueless except as an advertisement.

Mommer often gets up and goes out. I always think that the actress has certain signals—a wink or an inflection of voice—to indicate to mommer that she is better away. Then she tells the story of her early struggles, which would probably be so surprising to mommer that the nice black alpaca old lady is happier where she has gone—which is presumably to the kitchen.

The interviewer swallows everything—even tea—and she knows how to flatter him, and put him at his ease. The fact that it is all a pose—and should be described as a pose—rarely occurs to him, and he goes away certain that he has a good thing. At the door, she frequently says: "I am afraid I haven't said anything at all. I was so frightened of you, you know. I had made up my mind that I was going to be very witty and amusing, and I must have been awfully dull. It was really very sweet of you to come, and I do wish you would call some day when you haven't all that horrid busi-

ness of interviewing on your mind. You will, won't you? Is this chat to appear Sunday or during the week?"

What has always interested me much more than what actresses say while I am there is what they say when I've gone. I've had many joyous moments contemplating this. I can imagine the average actress calling mommer back from the kitchen, and throwing off the elaborate *peignoir*, and the expensive manner.

"Thank goodness he's gone!" she probably exclaims. "I wonder what they sent up that kind for? Such a silly, gullible thing! I don't know if he fell for the books, and the flowers, and this *peignoir*, and you. He didn't look as though he had. He never asked me one question that would do me any good. But I guess I said enough about the old part. (Continued on page 94)



© Ira L. Hill.

IRENE FRANKLIN AND BURT GREEN WITH THEIR CHILDREN MARGARET AND BETTY

These popular players are now appearing in Chicago in a new musical revue entitled "Within the Loop."

as though they sat for a mental picture by a painter of greater or less ability. When an interview is an interview it is a photograph. The man who is interviewed is like the flea seen through a microscope. He is bound to seem bigger and more important than anywhere seen in life." I am quoting editorial comments that were written when I interviewed Edmond Rostand in Paris a few years ago.

The average actress sits with mommer, in an elaborate *peignoir*, in a carefully arranged room, looking delightfully unnatural, but very anxious to "come out well." Mommer has been coached into silence, and is just a piece of furniture, like the piano or the sofa.

The interviewer is received with a few choice but terribly pleasant remarks, and the actress "sits high," and is on her best Sunday-go-to-



# In the Spotlight

Players Who Have Scored Individually  
In Recent New York Productions



Baker Art Gallery

NORMAN THARP

WHEN the dramatist of an English novel-ette, done over into a comedy for a special performance at the Candler Theatre, came before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience, she said: "All of the members of the cast did well, but I'm in love with Mr. Tharp." Whereupon there was loud applause from the audience. Norman Tharp, who gave a taste of his enviable comedy quality at this special performance of "Making Dick Over," by Rose O'Neill and Edith Ellis, for the Gamut Club, is a good-looking, likeable native of Newmarket, in Suffolk, England. At twenty he went upon the stage. His stage career began under good auspices, for he made his first appearance at His Majesty's Theatre in London under Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's management. His rôle was Aristobulus in Stephen Phillips' "Herod." He remained at His Majesty's for four years, playing Little Billee in "Tilbury," Harry Seabrook in "Captain Swift," and minor rôles. He came to the United States and joined N. C. Goodwin's company, playing The Imp in "When We Were Twenty-one" and the juvenile rôles in "A Gilded Fool" and "An American Citizen." He was successively in the support of DeWolf Hopper, Lillian Russell, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Arnold Daly, James K. Hackett, Lew Fields, Leslie Carter, and William Gillette. This season he is the Guy Falconer of "Under Fire," recently seen at the Hudson.



FREDERICK LEWIS

BUT the Mercutio is distinctive and deserving," said the discriminating of a recent not wholly commended production of "Romeo and Juliet" in New York. The critics of the press and the quite as powerful critics who paid for their seats at the theatre agreed without a dissenting voice about the Mercutio of the production. Frederick Lewis made his Mercutio a lively young blade, a hundred per cent. youth. This latest, and one of the best revivers of the subsidiary rôle in the greatest drama of love and youth, began his career upon the stage of life at Oswego, N. Y. He left the public schools of that city to gain stage training in the stock and traveling companies. He made his metropolitan début in support of Mary Shaw in "Ghosts." He became the Orlando of Henrietta Crosman's production of "As You Like It." He was the Arnold Rubek of "When the Dead Awake." He was of the company of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. For a season he was Miss Marlowe's leading man.



EDWARD EMERY

DOUBLE distinction waited upon Edward Emery at the ambitious and atmospheric Punch and Judy Theatre on the opening night of the dramatization of "Treasure Island." For not only was his acting as "Long John Silver" in the adventure classic welcomed with warmth, but a large share of the success of the production was his by reason of his being the assistant stage director of the star and owner of the playhouse. Mr. Emery, born of an English theatrical family, in London, began his career as an actor on the stage of the Drury Lane Theatre in the world's metropolis. In a considerable experience in that country he was associated with Sir Charles Wyndham, Charles Hawtrey and Willie Edouin. Mr. Emery came to the United States with one of Sir Charles Wyndham's companies, and at the conclusion of the company's tour decided to cast his fortunes with the American stage. He achieved conspicuous success as Captain Sylvester in Margaret Anglin's production of "Zira," as Captain Redwood in "Jim the Penman and Lord Robert Ure in "The Christian." In this country he has appeared under the management of A. M. Palmer, Charles Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger, Leibler & Co. and the Shubert Brothers. Mr. Emery has originated strong character parts in "The Five Frankforters," "June Madness" and last season, "The Marriage of Columbine."



White

BEVERLY SITGREAVES

A RIPPLE of laughter, a soft "Ah!" of pleasurable emotion, followed each of Beverly Sitgreaves's scenes with Leo Ditrichstein in "The Great Lover." She makes the character of the jealous, vindictive prima donna, with a glorious voice and a mean little soul, a living reality. And small wonder that this is so, for signal dramatic honors have been merited and won by her. The star of her fortune led her far from Charleston, S. C., where she was born. It led her to the metropolis of her own country where she supported Agnes Herndon and Rosina Vokes, Richard Mansfield and Sadie Martinot and Mrs. Bernard Beere and Harry Lacy. It guided her to London where she was of the company of Mrs. Lily Langtry, to South Africa where she was a star, back to London and thence to Paris where she was made the leading woman of the Théâtre Anglais. She is the only American woman who has been a member of Sarah Bernhardt's company and she enjoys Bernhardt's close friendship.



Campbell

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

SHE has the odd little unconscious tricks of Maude Adams and there are notes in her voice like Ethel Barrymore's." For once, audience and critics made simultaneously a discovery. It was in the case of Marjorie Rambeau, playing the name part of "Sadie Love" at the Gaiety Theatre. But there are other attributes that would have won success for her without these adventitious ones. One is her beauty, of a fresh, large eyed, unusual, dominant order. Another is her naturalness. A third, is dramatic experience. Fancy a girl of thirteen playing Camille in a company of professionals. Fancy her making her audience both laugh and cry. Miss Rambeau is a native Californienne, a stock claimed her through years of severe apprenticeship. The metropolis she visited for the first time in vaudeville in the sketch "Kick In" which Willard Mack expanded into a successful play. Last season we saw her as the leading woman in "So Much for So Much."



White

CONSUELO BAILEY

ISN'T she delightful?" Cultivated voice addressed cultivated ears with the query, the answer to which was sure to be, "Isn't she, indeed?" It was as the audience made its leisurely way out of the Empire Theatre after seeing John Drew and his company in "The Chief." The allusion was to Consuelo Bailey who played the ingénue. The spontaneity of Miss Bailey's performance, its exquisite girlishness and apparently uncontrolled gaiety stamped her acting with the universal charm. It was the kind of acting that would charm humanity from Avenue A to Fifth Avenue. It was the charm of emphasized truth. Miss Bailey, who was born in Minneapolis, began her stage career in the rôle of Alice Faulkner in the production of "Sherlock Holmes" with which the Frawley Stock Company began its season in the western city. She received valuable training in that company. New York saw her first in "The Toymaker of Nuremberg." Subsequently she was with Miss Adams in "The Jesters."





Mark Twain's "Prince and Pauper" played simultaneously by Marguerite Clark in the Famous Players' screen version.



White  
LOU-TELLEGEN  
(Lasky Co.)



White  
CHARLOTTE WALKER  
Appearing in the film plays "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "Kindling" for the Lasky Company.



Edith Wynne Matthison and Martin Sabine in "The Purlined Letter" (Pluragraph)



GERALDINE FARRAR  
in "Temptation" (Lasky Co.)



White  
FANNIE WARD  
(Lasky Co.)



Sarony

MARIE DORO  
in "Diplomacy" (Famous Players)



Fuller Mellish and Martin Sabine in the duel scene in "The Purlined Letter" (Pluragraph)

STARS OF THE STAGE WHO HAVE SCORED SUCCESSES IN SCREEN PLAYS



# Trying Out for the Movies

By RICHARD SAVAGE

"Take sixty feet of her," says the manager.



TO appear for the first time in a picture play is an experience, the actors say, that vividly recalls the unsophisticated period when they first went on the stage. That is one of the reasons (and the money they get is another) which tempts them before the camera, and if they are successful, is apt to keep them there. What makes a thing, even life itself, trite and monotonous is the knowing all about it and this axiom applies in a degree to the profession of acting.

"I felt," said an actress of superior position and known and respected from ocean to ocean because of her art and her character, "I felt like an amateur when a 'movie' producer sent for me. I didn't know him but his letter was polite and gave me the impression that he knew me and my work. The latter ought to be true, at least, if he has been inside almost any legitimate theatre during the last dozen years, for certainly in my time I've played many parts.

"Well I was quickly disillusioned if I thought that my 'fame' had reached his ears. It took me back all those years to go and sit in his office—his outer office—for over an hour. How well I remembered the weary times I had done it, but it was so long ago that now it was a new experience. I whiled away the time by watching the other nervous, anxious and cocksure applicants—all kinds were represented by the campers in that outer office.

"At length I heard him say through the half open door: 'All right, let the woman in, I'll see her for a minute.' I was the woman, really, I don't believe he even knew my name. He was the true stage manager, fat, apoplectic, with a silk hat awfully in need of a curling iron and a big, unlighted cigar in his mouth.

"He was or meant to be polite, but he didn't ask me to sit down, and when I sat without being asked, he told me to stand up in the light near the window so he could look me over. 'Well, you're tall enough,' said he, 'lemme feel your arm.' He felt it, gave it quite a managerial squeeze, and by this time I was prepared for his next investigation and had the words half out: 'No tights'—but I was mistaken, for he only asked me to take off my hat.

"'Hair all to the good,' said he, 'is it yourn?' I laughed, and answered frankly that barring a couple of switches and a side piece and a transformation it was my own. He took me quite seriously and asked me to walk up and down in the 'little' office. Then he rang or pressed a button, and said to the man who came in response:

"'You take sixty feet of her to-morrow morning, see?'

"Sixty feet of me! Would it hurt?

"A sandy and uncombed gentleman wrote down my name and address in the outer office and I couldn't refrain from inquiring why they had sent for me if they did not know both and

also of what I was capable, but the answer was one that I had to accept as reasonable—if I had never acted in the movies I was on the same plane as other amateurs, the only difference being, but it was a big difference, that they had to pay me real money, three times my stage salary, that certainly entitled them to a 'look in,' as they expressed it.

"These rejuvenating processes, for they made an old timer feel like a 'walk-on,' were as nothing to my experiences the next day when I went to the studio to have the test picture made. That is what the manager meant when he spoke of the sixty feet to be taken of me. My appointment was for eleven o'clock, it was nearer one o'clock when I was finally conducted before the screen in the big barn-like studio. The director himself led me before the camera which was to focus me and a small corner made to look like a drawing room.

"He looked at me, and I looked at him.

"'Go on,' said he, 'do something.'

"'What kind of thing,' said I.

"'Oh, get mad, let yourself out, passion, fightin', anything you like.'

"'Give me a line, won't you? Am I a lady, a servant, a fishwife? It makes some difference you know how I let myself out, elegantly or billingsgately; which do you want?'

"The director stared at me blankly and repeated indifferently: 'Do something, you know, don't keep the camera waiting.'

"So to spare the nerves of the camera I ranted and rushed about the tiny room, doing I do not know what, absurd things I have no doubt.

"The director stood by until the sixty feet of film had been reeled off. And as I went back to the dressing room I asked him, precisely like a greenhorn, what he thought of my performance. He was frank almost to brutality. Said he: 'I guess you overacted all right.'

"After the candor of this criticism I was surprised to receive a contract next morning and then I started in to learn how to act for the movies. I had to unlearn a great many things that I had successfully used on the stage, tricks that are in every actor's bag. For instance I quickly found that 'letting one's face go' was a fatal mistake. In the test picture I had frowned so realistically that I or my counterfeit looked horrible. I learned that when I did anything in genuine earnest or what the stage calls so I was grotesque. My arms when I waved them about no more violently than I had always been accustomed to do on the stage, looked like the wings of a windmill in a tempest. It was a lesson to me in restraint. Do a thing, yes, but do it rhythmically and in the time required for the photographer, not in the time required to get a thing over on the stage. No wonder, I thought. Miss Virginia Harned returned the check for \$5,000, and refused to appear in the movies if she came out in photography anything like me.

(I do not vouch for the truth of the \$5,000 story.) I learned from that sixty feet test that the secret of the photo-play star was his tempo, and I never made a mess of my acting in that way again.

"I learned another lesson quite as valuable for the 'movies' as for the stage, and indeed carried over from the stage to the film—that is the wonderful power of the eye. Many years ago I had been instructed by a great actor that the eye had more to do with success on the stage than even the voice. "Hold the thought you are going to express by your steady glance," he used to tell me, and it is one of the rudimentary lessons of acting. The actor with the restless eye cannot control his audience.

"It is more powerful in the photoplay, this wonderful eye. I had always heard this said but supposed they meant actors with big eyes, the Marie Doro type, when they made the remark. It isn't so—it is the fixed, the concentrated gaze that is an essential on the film, not any certain size of orb. The best actor for the "movies" with whom I have been associated has a concentrated glance equal to John Mason's. He actually tells his part of the story with his eyes. And he is a man about thirty years old, who has never stepped on the true stage in his life. He never reads a scenario, he never is in need of a line, he does not know who the other people on the film with him are or what they are doing there. The director has only to say to him: 'Go on and a man will bring you a letter, the news in it displeases you.' And with this he goes before the camera and gives a perfect performance. It is because he has an acting eye, and a natural instinct for tempo.

"This man never needs to have the machine run back for him. He is one of the most valuable of the staff of one of the largest photoplay companies of the country.

"On the contrary I have seen well-qualified actors and actresses who have been drilled word for word in their parts, keep the picture back for hours and waste yards and yards of film. They never seem able to learn what tempo means or how necessary to get all they wish to express in a certain length of that mysterious film."

When so much is said in disparagement of the photoplay, which a goodly number of actors feel is their deadly enemy, taking the very bread out of their mouths, it is interesting to hear the other side—from an actress.

"My idea is," said she, "that it is a kind of school for spontaneity, if we can't use so big a word as inspiration. Practice in it freshens up the old actor wonderfully, he is as apt to become perfunctory in his playing as any other professional man is who is filed down by the trite and the monotonous. One cannot be perfunctory before the camera and continue to draw much of a salary."





Photo McClure

**GRACE FIELD**

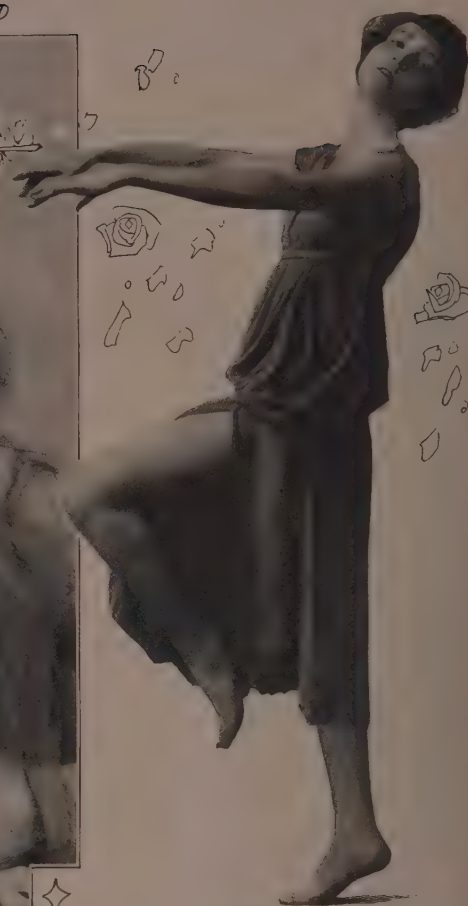
This popular dancer in vaudeville is president of The Dance Club at the Hotel Claridge.



© Ira L. Hill

**RUTH ST. DENIS**

As "The Spirit of the Sea," which formed part of her program at the special matinees she gave on Broadway recently.



McClure

**RUTH CRAMER**

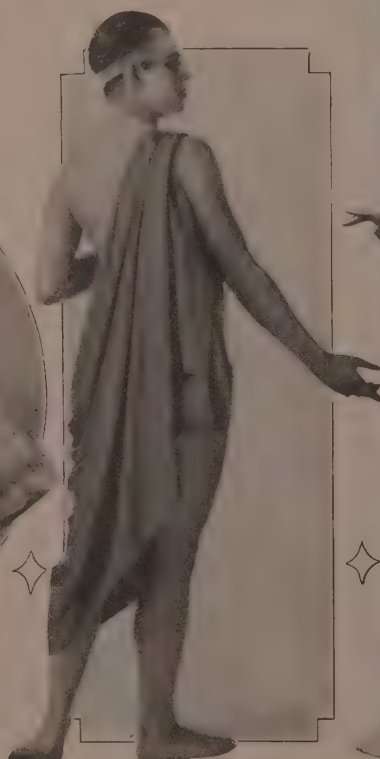
Classical and interpretative dancer seen at Aeolian Hall recently.



Otto Sarony

**KATHARINE WITCHIE**

Toe dancer of the team. Riggs and Witchie, now appearing in the successful operetta "The Princess Pat" at the Cort Theatre.



Moffett

**TED SHAWN**

Leading male dancer with Ruth St. Denis. He is seen here in "Nature Rhythms," White a dance which he created.

**FRANCES PRITCHARD**

New York girl who scored an emphatic hit at her debut in "The Peasant Girl" with Emma Trentini. She has since been dancing at the Winter Garden and is now in "A World of Pleasure."

DANCERS NOW APPEARING IN AND OUT OF BROADWAY



# Sixty Years on the Stage

BY  
EILEEN O'CONNOR



IDA VERNON FORTY YEARS AGO

SIXTY years on the stage! Three score of them tinged with vivid memories, filled with ideality, throbbing with human contacts, sparkling from attrition with great minds of her own and other arts and professions, are the glorious possession of Ida Vernon.

We paint our lives with the colors of our imagination. Ida Vernon's imagination is a rainbow-tipped brush, tinting all its objects with beauty. She looked like a marquise of old France, and she bore herself as one the morning I met her.

Her figure had the straight, slender lines of the aristocrat. It was no strain upon belief to grant her claim that she is the granddaughter of an English earl, and that behind her on the maternal side stretches a long line of Huguenots. As she left her chair in a sunny bay window of her hotel sitting-room and came forward to meet me she was all white and blue and graciousness. Her figure was wrapped in a white dressing gown. A cap of soft white lace crowned her. From beneath it peeped the snowy whiteness of her hair. Her long, patrician features were of marble whiteness. The long, tapering fingers she extended to me were of snow-flake whiteness and lightness. The blue appeared in a broad band of soft ribbon encircling her boudoir cap and in a silk shawl that gracefully draped her shoulders and in her eyes. The graciousness appeared in tone and manner, in glance and soft-tone greeting. It was as though the mistress of the chateau in the forest depths of France was saluting a guest.

"Yes, I have been sixty years on the stage," she said with her slow smile, "and I have no regrets. I have no Cromwell warning to give

*Ida Vernon, now appearing in "The Road to Happiness," looks back on a remarkable theatrical career covering no less than six decades. Engaged in support of Charlotte Cushman, and later appearing as Edwin Booth's leading woman, she met all the stage celebrities of her day. In the following interview she gives an interesting glimpse of the American stage during the last half century.*

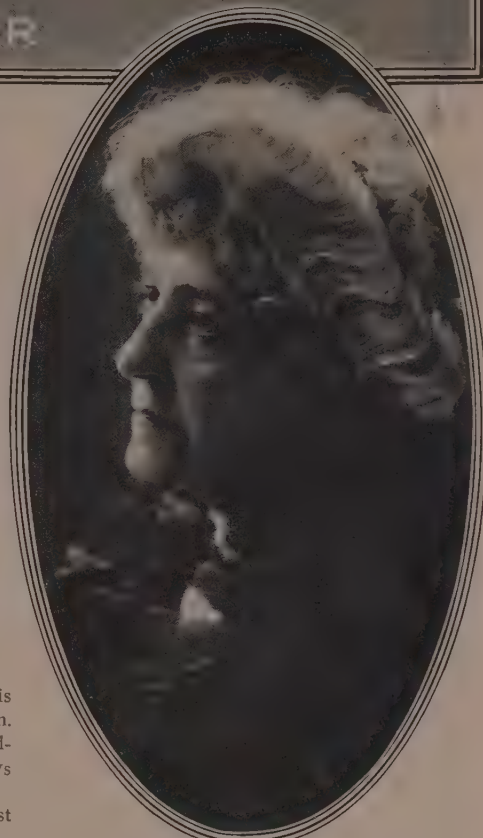
those who would serve the stage. For girls who have the ability for it I think it the best of professions. It gives them contact with active minds and cultured characters. It affords them familiarity with the thoughts of great authors and players, for the stage at its best provides an atmosphere of true culture.

"I advocate the stage for women who are adapted to it because of its rewards. It is the most profitable of professions for women. It enables them to live well, in refined surroundings, and if they have ability, to be nearly always at work."

"I am used to seeing Ida Vernon in some cast season after season," said the writer.

"I have been very fortunate," was her reply. "I have almost never been out of an engagement in those sixty years except when I was ill. My beginning was an early one. It was while I was at school in a little school in Montreal that they began to call me 'the little actress.' I didn't know what 'little actress' meant. You see, my father was a British officer, the younger son of the Earl of Caithness. He was stationed in Canada, and I was born on shipboard in mid-ocean, while my mother was following him to their new home."

"Are you then a woman without a country?" "No," she shook her head decisively. "Those born at sea belong to the country under whose flag they sail. I lived at home in the Canadian military stations until my sister and I were sent to the convent in Montreal. There I was expected to recite poems to visitors. That is why the Sisters called me 'the little actress.' Two years later, when I was twelve, I learned what the term meant. My parents had removed to New York and I was spending a Christmas vacation with them. My father took us to the Chatham Theatre, near the present Chatham Square station of the Elevated Railway. The best people in the city used to drive there in their carriages. The play was 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which was greatly in vogue at that time. I saw a wonderful little Eva. Then it was I decided I wanted to become a little actress. I told my family so when I arrived at home. I was laughed at, but the laughter was not as loud as my ambitions. At that time I had the unusual habit for a child of reading newspapers. I read in one of the quaint newspapers of that time the headline, 'Sixty Wedded to Sixteen.' I read that Thomas Barry and his bride had come to New York for their wedding journey.



IDA VERNON AS SHE IS TO-DAY

Thomas Barry was manager of the Boston Theatre, then undoubtedly the greatest theatre in the world. At once I slipped away from my home to his hotel. Graciously he received me, but he looked amazed as he came into the hotel corridor.

"What on earth do you want to see me about, little girl?" he asked.

"I want to be a little actress," I said.

"It would be better if your parents came to see me," he objected.

"But they don't want me to become a little actress," I replied.

"You tell them to come to see me," he said.

"The next day my father and brother called on him. My father told him the 'idea was preposterous.' I can imagine how he looked when he said it, dear father!

"Then the best way to cure her of it is to put her on the stage," said Mr. Barry. "She will soon get tired of it and cry to go home."

"That's not a bad idea," said father, "but you promise to make it as hard for her as possible?"

"I will," promised Mr. Barry. And he kept his word, as far as his tender nature could. Mr. and Mrs. Barry took me to Boston with them and I joined the stock company at the Boston Theatre at a salary of ten dollars a week. I began my career in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' I played one of the little blossom fairies. In a short while I was proud to report in my letters that I had been promoted to the first fairy, more honor but no more emolument. About this time I wrote to my father and told him that I had a cold and that my boots were not heavy enough for the winter. Father wrote me, saying he hoped he would soon hear that



THEATRE MAGAZINE AUTOGRAPH GALLERY



White

*Yours very sincerely  
Holly Pearson*





White

BEATRICE DAKIN



FLO HOWE



KATHERINE PERRY

### THREE PRETTY GIRLS IN "A WORLD OF PLEASURE" AT THE WINTER GARDEN

his little girl was well and had bought new boots. I vowed that I would buy those boots and everything else I needed; what's more, everything I wanted. That is the reason I say 'Boots made me an actress.'

"I remained on the stage. I have often thought the boots kept me. Otherwise I might have yielded to my homesickness. Probably the first night that I suffered from stage fright would have been followed by a flight to New York had it not been for the boots and for what Mr. Barry said.

"I suppose you were disappointed in me," I said, when I had been unable to speak my lines. 'No,' he answered. 'It was the fear you showed that convinced me you would become an actress.' I remained with the Boston Theatre for three years.

"During that time our stock company went to Montreal. All of my schoolmates came to see me and brought me so many flowers that I was embarrassed. I had no idea what to do with them. The curtain rose and fell, rose and fell again, and each time someone brought me flowers. I stood in a heap of them wondering what to do. At last I swept all of them I could into my apron and carried them over and flung them upon a man who was sitting in a box. The man was my father. Still disapproving my course, he had come to Montreal rather to visit my married sister than myself. He could not forget that at that time no 'child of good family ever went upon the stage.' It was the children of actors and actresses who joined companies then. But when father saw the ovation tendered me by my schoolmates the soldier surrendered. He didn't realize that this was a special occasion. He supposed that it was a regular occurrence. He gave a supper for the company. That supper converted him from an opponent to a friend of the stage. They were such charming ladies and gentlemen whom he met. Thereafter he went about saying to his friends: 'Have you seen my daughter in her last performance?' Shame had changed to pride.

"When Mr. Barry retired from the Boston Theatre I lost a good friend and great preceptor. His was a reign of kindness. When he praised one of the company he would place his hand on the player's shoulder and say: 'My boy (or girl) that was good work. I am delighted.' Or if he had reason to chide he did it in the same way. No one ever heard a rebuke. Reprimands were always quietly given. Now they say it before everybody.

"I came next to Niblo's Garden in New York. After that I went starring. That was a day of stock and visiting stars. All companies were stock companies and all stars paid a round of visits."

"Wasn't it rather hard on the visiting stars to

have to adapt themselves to the local companies?"

"No. Because the companies were so well trained. They were thorough actors. The training was valuable because a company of the best class as say that at Niblo's Garden, made few changes in a year. In an entire season it might produce but three plays.

"It was in my first year in New York that I first played in the support of Charlotte Cushman. To my childish mind she was a very forbidding person. She was stern to the player if a part were badly played. I was always very careful to do exactly as she wished, for once I

saw her seize a stubborn girl of sixteen and spank her. The rite completed Miss Cushman removed the culprit from her knee and said: 'Now, play that scene right.' You may be sure the child did.

"I first saw Edwin Booth in a curious way. It was while I was a child and playing child parts at the Boston Theatre. On my way to the theatre for rehearsals I stopped at the home of a lady who was interested in me and asked her to let me rehearse my part privately that I might be sure. I was letter perfect before I went upon the stage. When she had heard my part she said: 'Have you seen Mr. Booth?' I answered, 'No.' Just then I glanced out of the window. It was raining. A man wrapped in a cloak, his hat covering his forehead and hiding his eyes, his face covered to the nose, passed. 'There,' I said, 'that man of whom we can only see the nose is Edwin Booth.' I had never seen his photograph. I know not how I knew him. When I presented myself for rehearsal, Mr. Booth was there. It was indeed the man with the cloak.

"I met him again in a way that impressed upon me the greatness of gentleness. Edwin Forrest, as everyone knew, was a man of irascible temper. He anticipated the present time by swearing at actors. With an oath he asked a man why he didn't stand at a certain point on the stage.

"It happened that Edwin Booth followed Edwin Forrest as on a visit to the same company and that the same man, frightened by the former rebuke, tremblingly asked: 'Mr. Booth would you like me to stand here?' Mr. Booth answered: 'I would rather you would stand about there if you can. But never mind, I will find you wherever you stand.'

"Time came when I became Mr. Booth's leading woman. I had the honor of playing with him in 'Macbeth.' He liked to play with persons to whom he was accustomed, who knew him well, because he was liable to introduce new business or give a new reading as it occurred to him. He feared that would disconcert the other player. But I knew him so well that I was always ready for those flashes of inspiration. For instance in the scene in which he complained of the heavy cares of State he once impulsively lifted off his crown as though to rest his weary head. I knelt before him and received it."

"There is a story that he was an inspirational actor, that he did not study."

"Ah, yes. He was a great student. But by flashes of intuition he would see suddenly some new way to improve a part. He was receptive to the ideas of others. In trepidation I told him I thought it was a mistake to play Lady Macbeth as a creature devoid of womanly instincts. I told him I should

(Continued on page 94)



White

MADGE KENNEDY

Playing Blanny Wheeler in "Fair and Warmer"





ETHEL BARRYMORE  
From a drawing by Miss  
Lola Fisher of Miss  
Barrymore's company

## THE PAINTED HEART OF AN ACTRESS

**D**O women paint their hearts for the stage, as they do their eyes, their lips their shoulders?

Why not?

It is not difficult to believe if we realize the degrees of feeling through which the heart of an actress passes, in the many parts she plays. The rouge on the lips must often get mixed up with the heart. The paint sticks to it, more or less, and she finds herself yielding more and more of her real self to her stage self as the years fasten the beauty of her art upon her. It is only a phrase, perhaps, not so absurd as it seems at first, if we associate it with so sincere an artist, for instance, as Ethel Barrymore.

She admits that it is one of the mysteries of acting, this merging of stage illusion with actual human experience. The performance of life makes puppets of most of us, but it is the theatre that adorns the plots and passions of our little existences.

Art harmonizes, softens, interprets the motive of living. Without the theatre we should all be more hopelessly mad than we are. As Ethel Barrymore would put it, acting is the song of an artist. It is a song of the heart, sometimes radiant, sometimes sad, sometimes exalting. The mystery of acting is like the fragrance of incense.

*It is the heart of an actress who plays many emotional parts. Ethel Barrymore tells if the paint wears off, defines it, and reveals some secrets of acting.*

By WILLIAM DE WAGSTAFFE

it inspires a deep religious respect for the poetic justice that underlies all true feeling. The play doesn't matter so much, it is the acting that establishes its humanity.

It was Edwin Booth's poetic majesty of being, not his plays, that stirred us. It was Sir Henry Irving's exquisite balance of intellectual quality, and Ellen Terry's winged heart tones, and Duse's tragic voice of the shadows, and Bernhard's ringing chant of all the passions, that made us understand the common laws of life with a greater zest for their beauty.

We are a bit too cynical to-day about the heart. We are afraid to feel.

Ferrero, the historian, the most practical student of romance, confirmed this. He told me that the most marvelous sight to him in New

York was an exquisitely gowned woman of youthful figure, with snow-white hair and a face and skin like the pink blush of a rose bud.

"Have they no hearts to twist them?" he asked contemptuously.

The American woman is suspicious of sentiment, he concluded, so she buys her emotions at the theatre and enjoys them with a box of candy.

But—the mystery of acting is more sincere than a vagabond mood. Its secret is the abundant humanity of the artist, to whom life is an epic written in a book we call destiny by an author of divine sympathy.

Though not quoted, these are still Ethel Barrymore's impulses.

Years ago, when the theatre was a place of inner glory to him, a scribbler walked from a hotel to the stage door with Mrs. Kendal. It was raining, but she insisted on walking, and the umbrella settled over them like a halo. He was mystified by her depression. It seemed to him that she ought to be radiant in the glitter of her fame and success. She wasn't at all. She seemed weary and tired. As he left her at the stage door, she said:

"I'd give anything if I didn't have to go into this place to-night, but I must. The play must go on, and I shall give such a bad performance."



Often since then, the scribbler has seen the physical and spiritual weariness that overwhelms the artist as the time for the curtain to rise draws nearer and nearer.

Surely, they must paint their hearts too, in that tiny brilliantly lighted star dressing room which they enter so modestly from the common place, and from which they emerge with such impressive splendor of characterization.

It was near curtain time when this interview took place,

No one who has been a privileged spectator of her career will dispute Ethel Barrymore's devotion to the tragic tones. In spite of the charm of her comedy vein, she is always climbing higher into the mists that shroud the peaks of human inquiry.

"That is what the theatre ought to be, a place where we can find food for the starved aspirations of our difficult lives," she said.

I had envied the list of desirable young men, whom years ago, according to the newspapers, had been Ethel Barrymore's suitors. Every other man in the audience with me who watched the witchcraft of her performance in Clyde Fitch's "Captain Jinks," envied them too.

"You remember that brilliant and romantic record?"

"Yes—yes—" she gasped, in that voice of hers that is always a volcano of smothered feeling, and she smiled. It was the strange smile of a woman who is caught looking over the dolls of her girlhood. They recalled to her also those memories, the five finger exercises at her piano which she played so well. They were the first lessons in the music of emotion. There are people to whom years are only yesterdays, and those still insist that the Ethel Barrymore of "Capt. Jinks" is the same Ethel Barrymore who, in the rôle of Mrs. McChesney persists in the same old lure of the bewitching suspense, in her acting. The smile in her eyes creeps just as surely into the radiance of the smile on her lips,



Hall

ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "THE SILVER BOX"

now, as it did when the youngsters were mad about her; and the tears in her voice are not less worldly or real than they were when she was that



Hall

IN "COUSIN KATE"

slip of a girl who was so disturbing, so very confusing to the impressionable.

"I should play that part to-day just as I did then," she said, speaking of the girl in "Capt. Jinks," "I would not do anything more with it than I did."

"It is a picture in your portrait gallery of the theatre?"

"I could not paint it any better. It was finished then and I could not improve upon it."

"But, the painted heart of a Victorian coquette is surely different from that of a neutral one?"

"Yes, but I could not modernize the character, since it was painted in its own delightful colors of 1840."

"You paint on the heart the color that matches the costume!"

"I see—you mean that one's real self masquerades on the stage. Perhaps so. There are gray parts of hopeless, grim, helpless tragedy like the

woman in Galsworthy's "The Silver Box," where one must paint the heart in the dull tones of the story. Mr. Frohman believed in the play and I did it because I felt it ought to be done. My

own part was comparatively small in it. No, I didn't mind wearing the clothes of a charwoman—they belonged to the message of the play. Those are the sort of plays the theatre ought to do more often, the sort of plays I should like to do always."

"Life in its serious facts belongs in the theatre?"

"Life is such a problem anyhow, that we never get tired of having it explained for us by men and women who think. The theatre draws so many thinkers to it, on this account. No play is worth much unless it has poetic qualities, is it? I don't mean rhyme, or blank verse, but it must have something in it that justifies our being alive mustn't it?"

"Take 'The Shadow' for instance. A great poetic play, with an enormous uplift in its theme, a problem answered by the soul. I loved to play

in it. All the suffering it gave me, the exhaustion from the actual heartache and tears of each performance, strengthened me. I felt a great exaltation in the mere work, it took me bodily out of to-days and to-morrows, and all the little places in life. It was almost sacred to me. The message it gave out was so beautiful, so inspiring to thousands who go through life half dead in heart and mind."

"You repaint your heart for each performance?"

"If such plays could always be produced, greater opportunities would come, to find great actresses on the American stage," and Ethel Barrymore's voice trailed away with a sigh into the suspense of silence that she projects so well on the stage.

"Then there was that woman in 'Mid-Channel,'" she went on. "A sordid story of the woman trapped by her own soul. Her suicide (Continued on page 95)



© Charles Frohman

IN "MID-CHANNEL"



© Charles Frohman

IN "THE SHADOW"





Photos  
White

Stage setting for Act II. "A Pair of Silk Stockings," one of Winthrop Ames' particular triumphs in the art of smart stage dressing. The walls are latticed in delicate grays, the furniture is enameled in gray, with wicker panels and beautifully contrived roses modelled in the natural colorings.

## Smartness in Stage Settings

By ROZEL GOTTHOLD

NATURALNESS is the keynote of modern stage setting. The rooms of the stage are as habitable as are those of the best houses, for it is such homes that form the basis of up-to-date stage decoration.

When the producer wishes to arrange for the staging of a new play, he goes to the smartest of the interior decorators, and obtains from them the sort of furniture that their patrons buy.

Winthrop Ames is one of the managers who insists on the best in this respect and spares neither pains nor money to secure it. "Mr. Ames comes in here," said the head of a famous shop, "and tells me the kind of play he is to put on. 'I should like to have,' he says, 'the style of settee that such a woman would use in her room'; or, 'Let me have a chair that this type of woman would require for her bedroom.' Then I think over the list of our patrons, and the interiors we have done, and select for him the type of furnishing that I feel would best suit his needs."

As a perfect example of modern furnishing, we have the exquisite bedroom in that most delightful of comedies, "A Pair of Silk Stockings," one of Mr. Ames' particular triumphs. The walls are latticed in delicate grays, the furniture is enameled

in gray, with wicker panels and beautifully contrived roses modelled in the natural colorings. There are luxurious draperies of green silk with roses, and quantities of pillows.

The three

doors, one leading to the dressing room, the second to the clothes closet, the third to the bathroom, are decorated in art moderne motifs: the first has a woman's figure, with mirror and powder puff; the second a picture of a hat box and a slipper; the third a woman stepping out of the bath. All these little details possibly escaped the attention of the average theatre-goer, but to the connoisseur they count.

The living room is also an example worthy of emulation. The placing of the beautifully designed furniture is an achievement all in itself. The entire room is done in old oak and Gobelin blue. The landing of the staircase is occupied by a low bookcase, with blue and white hawthorn vases. The stair carpet is in blue, the draperies are of blue brocade, the little bit of upholstery is of blue, and the china on the mantel shows the same color. Thrown over the piano is an exquisite piece of Chinese brocade. The tapestries on the wall have been so manipulated by artists as to give the mellowness of the richest Gobelins.

The "Boomerang," the glittering little jewel of a comedy at the Belasco Theatre, has been staged in a manner worthy of Belasco and the play. That master craftsman has actually eliminated every vestige of artificiality from the setting of this play. One feels an intense desire to step up from the orchestra chair into those beautiful rooms just above.

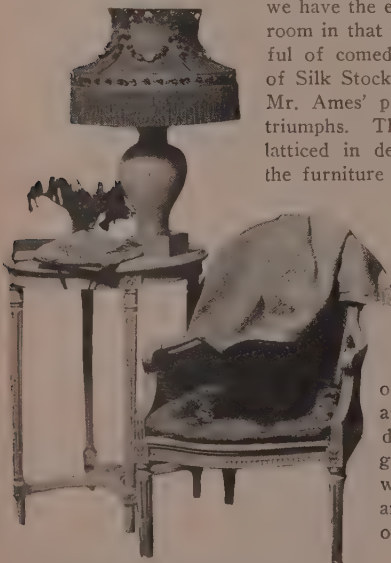
Mrs. Woodbridge's living-room is charming, with its luxurious sofas and chairs, and its softly



Setting for "Twin Beds." A room in the apartment of a smart couple, with just the sort of pink and blue furnishings that a gay young woman would fancy. The two beds are of cream enamel, with wicker panels.

shaded lamps. While Belasco's furniture is always perfect, he does not rely mainly on that, but creates atmosphere with his lighting arrangement. For instance, in the first act, the doctor's office, there is a window, one of those very broad ones, at the back of the stage, presumably overlooking the street. Through this, most of the light filters, in an amazingly natural way.

The modern producer spares no expense to get the atmosphere required. In fact, many of the new productions cost as much as fifty thousand dollars. The Cohan and Harris plays, for instance, are always synonymous with tremendous outlay of money. In that most popular of their plays, "It Pays to Advertise," the very name of the play gives one an idea of their standard. The most expensive suite of furniture used in any production, perhaps, is seen in the library scene of that successful play. Fifteen hundred dollars was expended for this handsome set of furniture, the chairs of which averaged at least two hundred fifty dollars each.



Chair, table and lamp from "Twin Beds"



In "The Lie," a most remarkable air of solidity and reality was imparted to the setting of the English hall. As a matter of fact, the producers of this successful play went to the expense of having every detail of such a hall abroad actually copied for them. The pictures gave them the greatest concern, however. How could they get the beautiful dignified ancestral portraits that such a hall required? The producer finally had them painted by a well-known member of the Academy, who has recently become very much interested in the artistic side of modern stage producing.

In the farce "Twin Beds" the acme of stage realism was reached. Here was a room in the apartment of a smart couple, with just the sort of pink and blue furnishings that a gay young woman would fancy. There were the two beds, all cream enamel, with wicker panels, that are just now very popular with women of her class. Even the sheets on the beds, it was to be noticed, had the correct, scalloped edge. So real was the entire setting that a young woman exclaimed to her husband: "Why, Tom, dear, they are just like ours!"

In "On Trial," there is a library scene that for expense, solidity and naturalness almost equals the one in the other Cohan-Harris production. The sofa and chairs are done in an exquisite green velvet, and the table is a particularly fine example of English carving.

There was a distinct atmosphere of richness and elegance about this scene, carried even as far as the pleasing landscapes and figure painting upon the walls, set in restrained gold frames.

This melodrama, "On Trial," showed a great versatility in the matter of stage settings. For the very next scene was enacted in an old fashioned road house, in which was used a suite of remarkably fine walnut furniture. There were the antique chintz sofas and chairs and tables, that were recognized at once as something extremely good by those in the audience who were "in the know." As far as pleasing realism is concerned, this scene in "On Trial" was a distinct success.

Another play that called for antique furniture of the best type was "The Clever Ones." In one scene of this play, there was a thoroughly charming old English room, filled with furniture that made more than one pair of eyes glisten.



Odd chair, of old English design, used in "The Road to Happiness"

There was a table, particularly, that was distinctly worth while.

"Under Fire" contains a living-room done in black and white that is the very last word in smartness. The walls are panelled in stripes, with dainty motifs of vases of flowers. The window at the back is artistically draped in flowered linen, the mantel-piece and doors have stencilled lines of black.

The furniture is of white enamel, with luxurious velvet upholstery and pillows. At one side there is a tea table, upon which is to be seen a service of black and white striped china. This set was designed especially for this play, whose producers went to the expense of having it made, as there was nothing like it in New York. It has been learned, however, that, since the manufacture of this set, there are now such designs to be found in the smart shops—which shows how the ideas of stage furnishings can be used practically.

"The House of Glass" is another of the costly Cohan and Harris productions, with beautiful chairs, an especially well-designed library table, and rich copper lighting fixtures. "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," also, is a witness to the thoroughness and care in stage setting that has come to be the present day standard. In the latter play is to be seen besides the famous barber shop, a library containing a large, well-upholstered sofa, roomy enough to invite a nap; and a most unusual niche with a mantelpiece and two small windows, carefully draped.

Period furnishings are used in many of these plays. Where do the producers get the pieces they need? Many of them have scouts, it is said, men who keep their eyes open for finds and bargains in antiques. They know the ins and outs of every antique shop along Fourth Avenue. They are well-acquainted with all the old Persian rug merchants of that busy thoroughfare.

Many of these scouts travel throughout the country, picking up pieces of old French rosewood, walnut and



"Under Fire" has a living-room done in black and white that is the very last word in smartness

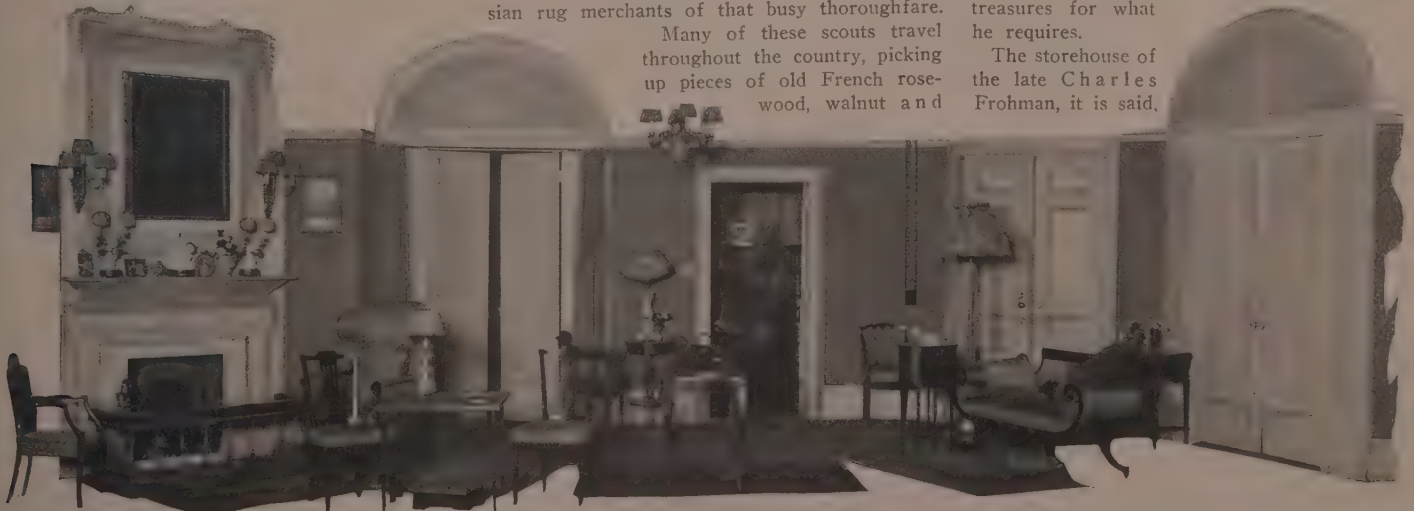
mahogany from the South, or good pieces of early Colonial from the New England States. Unfortunately, however, most of the territory has been combed so thoroughly, that it is harder than ever to pick up bargains.

Sometimes, when the producer cannot find the sort of antique furniture that he requires, he goes to the expense of having it made especially for him. Many a piece of Sheraton or Jacobean seen on the stage is a replica of the most famous designs.

Some of the producers have silks and other textiles designed for them. There are firms here in New York that make a specialty of producing designs and colorings that are exactly fitted to the producer's needs.

Some managers are themselves collectors, with keenly artistic instincts. Such a man is David Belasco, the master of realism in stage settings. Mr. Belasco's collection of *objets d'art* is well known, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that he need never go outside of his own treasures for what he requires.

The storehouse of the late Charles Frohman, it is said,



Photos White

Mrs. Woodbridge's living-room in "The Boomerang" is charming, with its luxurious sofas and chairs, and its softly shaded lamps



is full of many an interesting piece of furniture, each in itself a perfect treasure to producer or private collector alike. In fact, it seems that with the present ideas in stage producing, calling for only what is real and true, the producer, and the collector of antiques are running a pretty close race to grab the best that is to be had in the field. Between them, they have, probably, almost depleted the market of its wares.

But it is not only in the lasting, solid fitting that the manager must aim for realism. Even though he knows that it is but for a night he must still cheerfully spend his money for the right sort of fittings to give the real atmosphere.

In the "Song of Songs," for example, there is a perfectly appointed table. Suddenly, the tablecloth is jerked off, and all the exquisite, fragile glass is smashed to atoms. Until the

end of the season, more than five hundred dollars had been expended on this item alone.

Many a woman throughout the country who cannot get about herself finds in the new stage settings many an idea that might otherwise never have reached her. In the clever drapery of a window, in the new arrangement of flowers she finds the inspiration for a bit of welcome change in her own home.

## Nat Wills—the Telegraph Boy

ONE of the most difficult things in the world is to make people laugh. It sounds easy, but it isn't. There is one well-known joker in the humor business who never fails to hit the bull's eye and that is Nat M. Wills, the famous tramp, now at the Hippodrome. During the performance of "Hip, Hip, Hooray" he comes on dressed as a telegraph boy holding out a sheaf of telegrams which he proceeds to read off. Some of these telegraphic laugh producers, which never fail to convulse the house, are written by James Madison, a vaudeville author, others are by Mr. Wills himself. Here are a few of them:

(Copyrighted by Nat M. Wills. Stage rights reserved.)

A telegram from the superintendent of the Panama Canal, Gen. George W. Goethals:

"I have to report another landslide. Please inform me whether the canal is in Panama or Panama is in the canal."

A telegram from Otto von Schatterbach:

"I underwent an operation last night that will make me a good American citizen. I had my 'hyphen' cut out."

A telegram from the Russian General—von Hate-the-Bathsky:

"Send 1,000,000 pairs of pajamas at once. Russian army getting ready to 'retire' again."

A telegram from the King of Greece:

"Send Vernon Castle over here at once. We are in doubt as to what 'steps' to take."

(I see the ladies are at it, too.)

A telegram from the Empress of Germany to the Queen of England:

"Am sitting on my veranda 'cro-shaying' stockings. Would like to have you come and join me—'knit.'"

A telegram from Nat Goodwin:

"Why didn't President Wilson tell me he wanted another wife? I would have let him have one of mine."

A wireless from Henry Ford—Sandy Hook, 5 P.M.:

"Every one on board my peace ship hopeful of success. We are all casting our bread upon the waters."

A telegram from the Russian war correspondent of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*:

"I saw the Czar's family at the opera last night. The Czardine was in a box."

A telegram from Mrs. Pankhurst:

"If, as Rudyard Kipling says, woman is only a rag, a bone and a hank of hair, then let me tell you what man is, nothing but a jag, a drone and a tank of air."

From a friend in Berlin:

"Dear Nat: Don't come over as they are throwing (bombs) bums right and left."

A telegram from Admiral Carrie-a-Georgevitch of the Serbian army:

"Have just attacked the Austrian commander, General Runawayski, from the rear and cut off his retreat."

A telegram from Santa Claus to the ladies:

"When Christmas comes around please do not hang up any fur lined stockings as I am terribly ticklish."

A telegram from Gen. von Hindenburg:

"We are using Limburger cheese to keep the enemy out of our trenches and find it unapproachable."

A war telegram from Bar-room Pete:

"Have just attacked a lunch counter and captured Limburg—anyway my position is now stronger than ever."

Latest war bulletins:

"Great scandal in Paris. French army officer found in bed with German measles."

"Teddy Roosevelt ready to sail to Europe. He wants to put the bull in Bull-garia."

I just had a telegram from William Jennings Bryan. Here's what he says:

"I lost \$250 last night. I talked in my sleep."

A telegram from Old Doc Cook:

"Have just bumped into a clothesline in the dark. Expect to discover the pole shortly."

"DETROIT, MICH.

"Ford automobile factory compelled to shut down. Henry Ford is taking all the nuts to Europe."

Ford Agency—Next year Ford cars will be painted a bright banana color—that's so we can sell them in bunches.

A telegram from State Superintendent of Prisons Riley to Warden Osborne:

"I congratulate you on the way you have been running Sing Sing. I wish you everything that the Emperor of Germany wishes the Czar of Russia."

Warden Osborne's answer, it came collect:

"Many thanks for good wishes. Step into the nearest drug store and have a drink of carbohic acid at my expense."

From John D. Rockefeller:

"If Henry Ford's Peace Ship has a stormy voyage I hope they pour oil on the troubled waters."

A telegram from Charlie Chaplin:

"Can't you arrange to let my mother-in-law appear at the Hippodrome in the great skating



Photos White

NAT WILLS  
In private life

scene. I'd give anything to see her 'on the ice.'"

A telegram from Capt. Boy-Ed of the Embassy at Washington:

"Have sold my automobile as I expect to receive my 'walking papers' shortly."

Realizing that the public is very much interested in his big peace expedition, Henry Ford has asked me to read to you the various telegrams he has received from the different celebrities he sent invitations to:

A telegram from Teddy Roosevelt:

"Would go along if your expedition was headed toward Spain, as I am an excellent 'bull shooter.'"

A telegram from De Wolf Hopper:

"Best wishes for success of your expedition, but why do you call it a Peace Ship when you have so many married couples on board?"

A telegram from William Jennings Bryan:

"Sorry I can't join your peace expedition, but have already made arrangements for the coming season with a circus."

A telegram from Hetty Green:

"Will not join your peace expedition. No one can make me 'come across.'"

From Charlie Murphy:

"Dear Mr. Ford: While it is noble of you to spend ten millions for peace, I wish I had a piece of the ten millions."

A telegram from Andrew Carnegie:

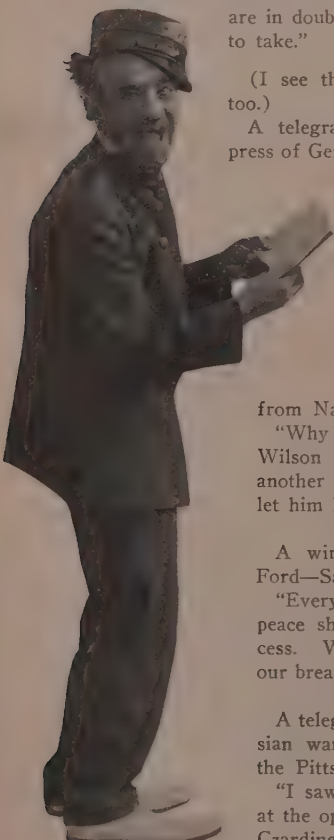
"Don't think much of your peace expedition, but I'll come along for the sake of the ride."

From the Governor of Utah:

"Would like to come along on your peace expedition—but my wives won't let me."

From the German Ambassador, Count von Bernstorff:

"Cancel order for toys as my 'Boy-ed' is going back to Europe." (Continued on page 94)



NAT WILLS

As the telegraph boy  
at the Hippodrome





© Mishkin **ANNA CASE**  
One of the best known of the younger set of American sopranos. Began her career as church singer, her voice winning her a contract at the Metropolitan.



Matzene **LOUISE EDVINA**  
Noted Canadian soprano, born at Vancouver. In private life she is Mrs. Cecil Edwardes. She is a pupil of Jean de Reszke and made her operatic debut at Covent Garden in 1908, singing Marguerite in "Faust." She has been very successful in appearing with various opera companies.



© Mishkin **JULIA HEINRICH**  
Lyric soprano of noted musical lineage. Born in Philadelphia, and made her debut in Elberfeld, Germany.



**FLORENCE MACBETH**  
A native of St. Paul, Minn. Made her debut at Covent Garden as Lucia, four years ago. Now with the Chicago Grand Opera Company.



**HELEN STANLEY**  
Born in Cincinnati, and received her musical education in that city. A woman of wealth sent her abroad to study. She sang two years in German opera houses and after continuous success abroad, returned to this country and made her first operatic appearance here, taking Mary Garden's rôle in "Cinderella," with the Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.



© Mishkin **EDITH MASON**  
Young and winning American lyric soprano. Won success abroad, having sung in opera at Nice and Marseilles. Was engaged to sing at the Paris Opéra Comique when the war broke out, at which time she came to the Metropolitan and has won praise here for her high, clear voice, filling such rôles as Oscar in "Un Ballo in Maschera" and Sophie in "Der Rosenkavalier."



**MARCIA VAN DRESSER**  
American artist, who for the past few years has been singing leading rôles at the Opera House at Frankfort-on-Main. Considered one of the best Mozart singers



**MYRTLE MOSES**  
Pupil of Jean de Reszke. One of the few Chicago singers selected for minor rôles in the Chicago-Philadelphia Co.



**ELEANORA DE CISNEROS**  
Native of Brooklyn and known as church singer. Joined the Metropolitan Opera House ensemble in 1900.



**IRENE PAWLOSKA**  
Born in St. John's, Quebec, and made her first appearance on the stage as a dancer. Studied singing in Paris.



© Mishkin **SOPHIE BRASLAU**  
Contralto, a New Yorker by birth, although her parents are Russians. (Metropolitan)



© Mishkin **LOUISE COX**  
Soprano, born in Conway, Arkansas, and protégée of Lillian Nordica. (Metropolitan)



**MYRNA SHARLOW**  
Born in Jamestown, N. D., and studied music in St. Louis.



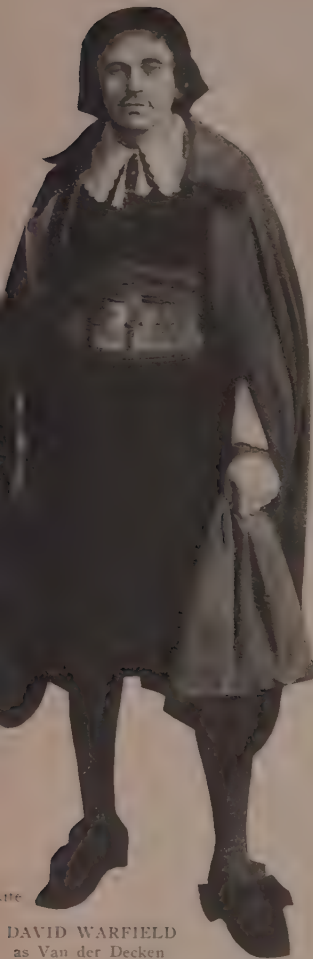
**CYRENNE VAN GORDON**  
Ohio girl with rich contralto voice. Campanini engaged her after hearing her singing in Cincinnati.

AMERICAN GIRLS WHO HAVE ATTAINED SUCCESS IN GRAND OPERA

The public is apt to remember only the names of Lillian Nordica, Emma Eames, Louise Homer, and Geraldine Farrar when counting the American women who have won fame in opera. The present season has brought to the front many native-born artists with exceptional vocal gifts who are now appearing with the Metropolitan and Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Companies.



# David Warfield as the Flying Dutchman



DAVID WARFIELD  
as Van der Decken

VAN DER DECKEN," a new play by David Belasco, is founded on a collection of legends of European origin, and the central figure, played by David Warfield, is a visualization of the mysterious man of the sea who cannot die, familiar to all peoples whose men go down to the sea in ships.

Before the end of the second act, however, the drama shoots off at an unexpected tangent. It is no longer of European origin, but had its beginnings in the studio atop the Belasco theatre in New York. Thus, it becomes a curious mixture of seventeenth century and 1916. Like the artist who placed himself and his wife behind the draperies where they (representatives of the present, showing that truth is eternal) might look in upon Jesus Christ and His followers, one who sees this drama, detects Belasco at the proscenium arch, observing

the wretched Dutchman who cannot die, which strangely enough, the people who yearn for eternal life have conceived to be the worst punishment that could be meted out to a great sinner.

When ancient Christians were casting about for an adequate punishment for the Wandering Jew, for Herodias, as well as for her dancing daughter, Salome, all three were denied the privilege of dying. Salome was permitted to pass from earth, but doomed to fly through the sky with the Furies through eternity, although it is a well-established fact in history that she was honored by her royal husband, who had a medal struck to commemorate her virtues, and probably never even hinted at the episode of her youth that seems to have put a blot on her reputation two thousand years afterwards.

Unfortunately, Belasco was obliged to confine himself to the conventional time limitations of theatrical entertainment of the present. His central theme was one that must have tempted him to undertake a cycle of dramatic plays like "The Ring." But this ambitious enterprise was never seriously considered, and the process of composition and production was one of constant elimination and condensation. There was so much to be said, so much to transpire, that the brewed potion of antiquity and modernity that finally reached the public gaze at Washington in December, was refined to what was thought to be the prime essentials. But still further elimination of scenes took place, following the Washington *première*—perhaps as a concession to the men who call taxis through megaphones after the performance—and the play as it is witnessed to-day, seems not a fully developed dramatic structure, built upon the familiar legend, but a series of quite remarkable stage pictures which suggest many legends, many theories of adequate atonement for sin, and a new contribution to the literature that deals with the saving grace of woman, so repeatedly used by such masters as Richard Wagner and Henrik Ibsen.

Belasco has again defied the conventions, not

*Belasco dramatizes the famous "Old Man of the Sea." A series of remarkable stage pictures built upon the familiar legend.*

By ARCHIE BELL

in lights, scenic accessories, or property trappings, but in departing from the familiar Flying Dutchman legend and permitting his hero to die because he has a generous impulse, which generally speaking, would be small atonement for the crimes to which he pleads guilty. We are told in Belasco's "Van der Decken" that it is not necessary for the sweetheart of his youth to sit pining or praying in solitude. She may marry the man of her choosing, bear children, spend large sums of money which the Dutchman gave her, and when he comes to Amsterdam and visits her in her home, merely invite him to remain a few hours. There is not even the warmth of cordiality in her tone. Yet the Dutchman is "saved," or at least he assures the audience that he is, although there is nothing in the play to prove it, and one ventures the opinion that at the corresponding hour, showing the Phantom Ship sinking in the Wagnerian opera, David Warfield Van der Decken is back in his dressing room, his artistic duties completed for the evening.

Mr. Belasco may be venturing further and further into the dangerous realm of "suggestion." A personal opinion is that he does not show cause for the salvation of his legendary hero, the *raison d'être* of the entire dramatic fabric; and that he does not "suggest" to the intelligent mind that the Dutchman's earthly pilgrimage is over, beyond the words of the man himself. Essentially, Van der Decken is a man cursed by God, an outcast on earth. His words, even when written by Belasco are not proof. The curtain falls and one expects the manager to approach the footlights and announce that the story will be continued to-morrow night, as in the Sicilian marionette shows. To-morrow night we may learn that Van der Decken, confessed murderer, man accursed, was lying to us and deceiving us.

Belasco's drama brings him to two points of direct comparison to Richard Wagner. He employs a theme around which Wagner wove a music drama, and he replies to his critics, as did the German composer, by giving them a play. Like Wagner, he waited until he had given theatre-goers a well-rounded and definite opinion, and then when all the ballots had been cast, he wrote "Van der Decken" for David Warfield. There were similar circumstances that prompted the composition of "Die Meistersinger." The results were highly satisfactory to the critics, the public and to Wagner. Will Belasco fare as well? And Warfield? It is yet too early to say, but all the signs seem to be favorable. Outlying cities are showing their approval of "Van der Decken," but New York will not see it until the early autumn of 1916. The comment has been frequent that while Belasco stands apart from his fellows as a producer, he never does anything that will admit of comparison. It is one thing to stage "Dubarry," and quite another thing to stage "The Merchant of Venice." One had never been attempted by another producer of pretensions; the other by many. How would Belasco fare if he made a production of a play already staged by Winthrop Ames, Max Reinhardt, or Granville Barker?

Belasco answers his critics in "Van der Decken," and he went further than any other producer could have done; he wrote his play in addition to producing it. He had many "sources" to assist him. Homer tells us of the wanderings of Ulysses in a fiction that seems founded on the same theme. It was already an ancient legend, common to all peoples whose men were scafarers. A similar feeling of sea-faring folk seems to have inspired Synge's "Riders to the Sea." In the ancient Dutch story, there was a skipper named Van Straaten. Caught in a storm near the Cape of Good Hope, he was hailed by other ships, the crews of which cautioned him to make port quickly and wait for the storm to subside. He declared that he defied the elements and that he would sail around the Cape without stopping if it took him until judgment day. Satan heard him and took him at his word. So he has been sailing the seas ever since. Heinrich Heine relates that he saw a play on this subject at Amsterdam. The essential features of the legend were retained, but the Dutchman was permitted to go ashore once in nine years, to seek the girl whose "love until death" would bring him pardon for his sins, for it appears this Dutchman was also a murderer. Like the Faust legend, which appealed to Goethe, the story of the Dutchman and his Phantom Ship, seems to have made an impression on Richard Wagner when he was a youth and aspired to become a poet. Walter Scott ("Rokeby") wrote a variant on the theme, laying particular stress upon the fact that the ship was condemned to float forever, because of the murder committed by the captain. Plague broke out upon it and all ports were quarantined against it. Wills wrote a play for Sir Henry Irving called "Van der Decken," and it was produced in 1878, but did not succeed. He made up the Dutchman to realize his imaginative portrait of a living dead man; thus he was ghastly to behold. His eyes were red and his face marble-white, while green lights played upon his countenance when he was visible.

Belasco employs the principal points of the old stories and plays, combines all of them, and then solves his problems in an original manner by resorting to re-incarnation. His Dutchman may come ashore once in nine years, looking for the girl whose love will save him, and he finds not a Senta or Solveig, who has faithfully waited and watched, but a buxom Dutch lassie who treats the sailor boys to cherries from the basket on her arm. She, so Belasco informs us, is the re-incarnation of the Dutchman's sweetheart who was left behind on the last fatal voyage when he went forth from Amsterdam, never able to return. Van der Decken recognizes her at once and her "sympathy" for him is instantaneous, although it seems an interest born of selfishness, for she was to be given in marriage by her father to a man older than herself.

This is not such a well-constructed exposition of character previous to the beginning of the romantic tragedy as Wagner's, whose Senta loves the Dutchman even before she has seen him, because his portrait hangs in her father's house.

In Belasco's drama, Van der Decken enters a tavern on the quays, where he listens to extravagant tales about himself, from the drinking sailors. His ship is in the harbor; it is one of his visits ashore, which he may take every nine years. He treats the sailors to drink, exhibits much money, and they are afraid of him. Warfield's make-up gives him the appearance of being a Dutch youth of perhaps thirty, although strangely enough, his crew has grown old, very old. In the second (Continued on page 96)





Act I. Van der Decken (David Warfield) during one of his periodical visits ashore, which he may take every nine years, enters a tavern on the quays, where he listens to extravagant tales about himself from the drinking sailors. He treats the sailors to drink, but they are afraid of him.



Marie Bates  
Act I. Van der Decken exhibits much money.



Jane Cooper  
Act IV. Van der Decken comes to say good-bye.



Van der Decken and his crew on the phantom ship.

SCENES IN BELASCO'S PLAY "VAN DER DECKEN" NOW BEING PRESENTED IN OTHER CITIES



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IN THEIR HOMES

No. 18

ALLA NAZIMOVA



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Photos White

STAGE SETTING FOR SCENE 2, ACT I, OF "PRINCE IGOR"

## Première of "Prince Igor"

**I**N accord with high and laudable principles of "art for art's sake" the Metropolitan Opera House presented on December 30th last for the first time in America Alexander Porphyrievich Borodin's Russian grand opera "Prince Igor." Director Gatti-Casazza could not have harbored even the faintest hope of winning public favor with this Russian opera.

Prince Igor, happily married to Jaroslavna, wages war against a Tartar tribe and goes into battle at the head of his Russian army, with his son Vladimir by his side. His army is routed, Igor and Vladimir are captured. The latter falls in love with Kontchakovna, daughter of the victorious Tartar chieftain, and marries her, while Igor escapes from the camp and returns to the yearning arms of his wife, Jaroslavna.

There you have it—a skeleton in a nutshell, to mix metaphors, but by any other name and from any angle this story is just as impossible for it has not even the slenderest thread of dramatic suspense. That is almost fatal for a grand opera and will in this case, it is to be feared, bury "Prince Igor" so deep that not even its music can save the work.

The music, as a matter of fact, has many very interesting phases, its finest moments being its choruses, and these, particularly, when they lean upon melodies that resemble Russian folk tunes in character. There are many notably fine choruses in this opera and they are its sole redeeming features, for the rest of the work is very uneven. There is a good reason for this defect since Borodin worked for twenty years at the score of this opera and died leaving it incomplete, so that the task of completing it fell to the lot of two of his friends, eminent Russian musicians, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounov. So there were bound to be many discrepancies of style—and there are, this music leaping nimbly from an old Russian chant to an aria which might have been inspired by a hearing of Verdi's "Aida."

This calls for a brief outline of Borodin's life, which serves as an explanation why "Prince Igor" took so many years to write, only to be left unfinished. Borodin was an eminent professor of chemistry who founded a medical college, lectured before students, worked in laboratories, and wrote treatises on the subject of chemistry. With him music was merely a beloved pastime until he was advanced in years when he took up its study seriously and became enamoured of this muse. Then he attempted to serve his two masters—chemistry and music; and it is said that his devotion to both brought about

his comparatively early death in 1887, when he was fifty-three. His lectures and laboratory work left him comparatively little leisure to pursue his muse of music, hence "Prince Igor"—his only opera—was so long in the making, although he completed symphonies and some chamber music. This interesting life history of the composer has given birth to the wag-

gish remark that Borodin was the greatest musician among chemists and the best chemist among musicians. But "Prince Igor" is too fine a work to be dismissed with a bit of witticism. It is doubtless a sincere bit of writing, its choruses are famously beautiful and its big ballet, at the close of the second act, is almost sensational in its barbaric swirl. But these fine features, alas, are almost wasted upon an opera audience, since these are merely episodes, strung loosely together by a libretto so uninteresting that interest lags from the start, and the great public begins to wonder what it is all about. A rôle of so trifling importance does the plot play that in the Metropolitan production an entire act, the third, was omitted without in the least causing any feeling of severed logic.

The big audience which attended the Metropolitan première was quite enthusiastic, applauding the ballet with almost unbounded approval, expressing approbation of some of the big solo numbers and calling the artists out after each curtain fall. Musicians among the listeners found the work interesting in spots; but on the lips of everyone was the ready comment: "This is not a second 'Boris Godunoff.'"



PASQUALE AMATO  
as Prince Igor



FRANCES ALDA  
as Jaroslavna

He knew that in the minds of critics and the public a comparison between "Prince Igor" and "Boris Godunoff" was inevitable, and he surely knew, too, that such a comparison of artistic values between these two works would sound the death knell of "Prince Igor." Not that the latter is so unworthy a work, but rather that "Boris Godunoff" is so great a masterpiece. Yet Gatti-Casazza had little choice other than to produce the opera, which had already been promised for last season, since it is artistically worthy of giving; and in its striving to present the best in musical art of all lands, the director of the Metropolitan felt bound to produce this work.

What, then, ails "Prince Igor"? It has the greatest fault an opera can be afflicted with, namely it has not the slightest dramatic interest attached to its action. Borodin, who also wrote the libretto, delved deep for his plot, disemboweling a script called "The Epic of the Army of Prince Igor," said by some to be a twelfth century chronicle, but believed by others to be a monkish invention of six centuries later. It really matters little to us which it is, for its value as a grand opera plot is entirely negligible and may be told in few words:





#### THE E. T. F. DANCE CLUB IN CHICAGO

Miss Alice King, who is very popular with the players in Chicago, being connected with the Moffett Studio, has recently had built in the Auditorium Hotel, a beautiful room, designed by Marshall and Fox, the architects, and costing about \$8,000. The room, the decorations of which are unique, is used by the E. T. F. Dance Club. In the above picture Mr. and Mrs. Leon Errol are seen dancing in the foreground. (Inset) Miss King.



#### LEO DITRICHSTEIN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

In an operatic rôle he created in Hamburg, before coming to the United States to enter the dramatic field.

#### LOTTA AT THE PANAMA EXPOSITION

One of the most cordial welcomes extended by the people of San Francisco during the Panama Exposition was that accorded Lotta Crabtree, dear to the Western mind as "Lotta." The charming little comedienne of nearly a half century ago. When the actress arrived she was met with a "shower" of public flowers and a burst of applause that brought the tears to her eyes. Tuesday, November 9th, was set aside as "Lotta Day," with ceremonies in her honor.



#### MASTER PICKELS

Soprano soloist of Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, whose remarkable voice has been recorded by the Victor Talking Machine.



#### AN ACTOR PRIEST PLAYWRIGHT

Will W. Whalen is curate of St. Edwards in the mining town of Shamokin, Pa. He attends to the spiritual wants of his flock all day and at night the click of his typewriter is heard by the late passerby as he writes his plays. He was an actor before he became a priest and is the author of two novels. Rose Stahl "discovered" the young priest-playwright and on her advice he wrote the dramatization of "Ill Starred Babbie" in which June Congreve is starring this season. The lower picture shows St. Edwards Catholic Church at Shamokin.





Victor Georg  
AS MADAMA BUTTERFLY

## Alice Nielsen: the American Patti

By ELISE LATHROP



AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST"

TWO men at a recent concert in New York, at which Alice Nielsen was the soloist, were discussing the singer.

"There's no denying it," the first one was heard to exclaim enthusiastically. "She's the American Patti. I wonder why she's not singing at the Metropolitan Opera House."

"She's engaged to sing there for two performances this season. But it's not enough. An artist of her talent ought to be a regular member of the Metropolitan Company."

Miss Nielsen made a brief stay in New York recently to celebrate Christmas with her small niece and nephew and while here she chatted with a representative of the THEATRE MAGAZINE of some of her experiences. The conversation turned to the time when first she forsook light opera, in which she was one of the most popular and highest priced stars, to enter the field of concert and grand opera to which her artistic soul had always inclined.

After her final season in light opera, she went

to London, where the then Duchess of Manchester, she who was Consuelo Yznaga, became greatly interested in her young compatriot. It was through this influence that the singer secured her first engagement in the new line of work. This was to sing at a large musicale given by the Baron Alfred Rothschild in his magnificent home on Park Lane. No suggestions were made to the American soprano as to her selections, and among other songs, she took the famous "Il Bacio" waltz, and the prima donna favorite, "The Last Rose of Summer."

"I noticed an odd expression on the

face of Landon Ronald who was to play my accompaniments when I gave him the waltz," laughed Miss Nielsen, "but he said nothing, and I sang it, as well as the 'Last Rose,' and was heartily applauded. Afterwards I learned that it had been a kind of unwritten law in the Rothschild house that no one but Patti should ever sing those two numbers there. As I did not know this the fault was not mine, and they never commented upon it to me. I distinctly remember what the Baron said to me on that first occasion: 'You are a duck! I do not mean that you sing like a duck, but you are one just the same.'"

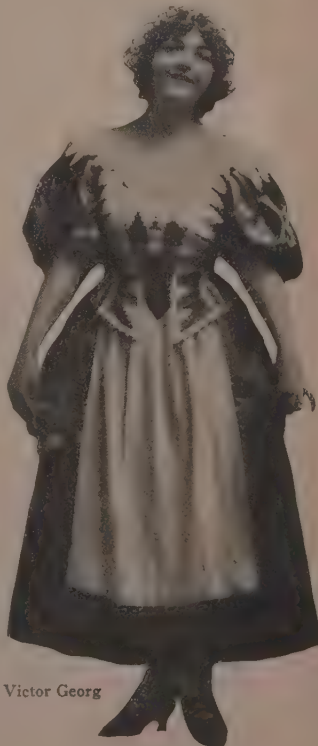
After this initial success, and through the

Duchess, Miss Nielsen was engaged for many concerts in London, both public and private ones, was presented to the late King Edward and the Queen, and was summoned to sing before them. Her friendly patroness took pains to prepare her for a possibly annoying circumstance.

"Now, Alice," she told me, "resumed Miss Nielsen, "you must not mind if the King talks while you are singing. It is a habit of his. One celebrated singer not

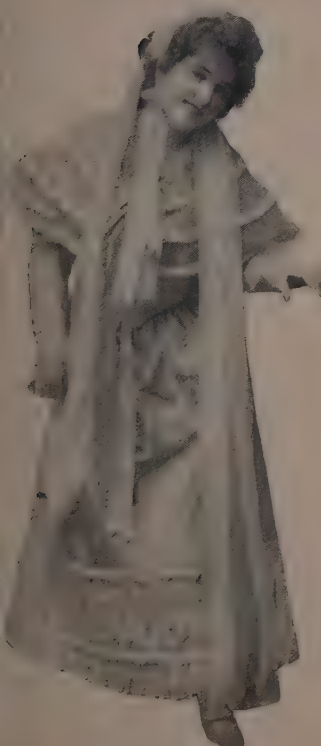
long ago was greatly offended because he talked while she sang." I began singing, and the King who was, of course seated in the front row of chairs, did not utter a sound. I was beginning to feel very satisfied with myself, and sorry for that celebrated singer. Then came Tosti's 'Goodbye,' the composer accompanying me. All was silence during the first stanza, but during the interlude, the King suddenly began talking in his odd, guttural German voice. And then I may say that I called down a King," and Miss Nielsen chuckled. "The first words after the interlude are: 'Hush! A Voice from the Far Away,' and I brought the 'Hush' out very distinctly, looking straight at the King. He burst out laughing, and when we had finished the song insisted upon its being repeated.

"After making my operatic debut in Naples, as Marguerite in 'Faust,' I was engaged by Mr. Higgins for the London season at Covent Garden, and made my debut there as Zerlina in 'Don Giovanni,' which rôle I am to sing in Chicago on January 3rd. Mme. Destinn was the Donna Anna then, as she will be in Chicago, Renaud was the Don Giovanni, Giliert the Masetto, and Rich-



AS ZERLINA  
IN "DON GIOVANNI"

ALICE NIELSEN IN PRIVATE LIFE  
(INSET) in "La BOHEME"



AS NORINA  
IN "DON PASQUALE"



ter the conductor. I also followed Destinn as Madame Butterfly, and one London paper was kind enough to write that it was the finest singing ever heard in Covent Garden.

"Then came a wonderfully planned season at the Waldorf Theatre, Eleanora Duse appearing one night in, say, 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' while the following night I sang the title rôle in the opera of the same name, or she would play 'Camille,' and I would sing Violetta in 'La Traviata.' I made my Covent Garden *réentrée* with Caruso in 'I Pagliacci.'

Her last English appearance before returning to America was in Liverpool, where she sang in concert with Kreisler.

Miss Nielsen's first New York appearance in grand opera was in "Don Pasquale," at the Casino Theatre. After this short season the San Carlo Opera Company was formed, headed by Lillian Nordica as the dramatic soprano and Alice Nielsen as the lyric. This organization

toured all over the United States for two years, finally closing in Boston. The chorus had already departed for Montreal en route for Europe when it was proposed to engage the Park Theatre, then vacant for a fortnight, for a few performances of opera, provided Miss Nielsen agreed to sing. She consented, the chorus was telegraphed to return, and fourteen performances were given in eleven days. With the Boston Opera Company Miss Nielsen created Suzanne in "The Secret of Suzanne" and Madame Butterfly; appeared as Marguerite in both the Gounod and Boito operas, and in many other operas, including "L'Enfant Prodigue."

Immediately after the Chicago performance she began another long concert tour as far as the Pacific Coast, when she sings for two weeks in opera in Los Angeles, and two in San Francisco with a specially engaged company to support her. Among other rôles, she will sing Antonia and Olympia in "The Tales of Hoffmann,"

then resuming her concert work, she goes as far South as Texas, finally concluding the tour with a recital in Boston.

"I think I broke the world's record in concerts with my tour last year," Miss Nielsen declared. "I sang one hundred and eighteen concerts in nineteen and a half weeks. The tour began in Jacksonville, Florida, and concluded in Chicago. Almost all of the towns in which I sang were new to me. We sometimes gave concerts in towns whose population was only 2,200, but there would be 3,800 persons in the auditorium. They came from all the country round."

"How did you find these audiences?" asked the interviewer. "Did they seem to appreciate good music?"

"They certainly did," was the quick reply. "The appreciation of music in those little towns is wonderful. I sang only good music, the classics, French, German and Italian songs and arias, and the best English songs."

## An Englishman with Three Plays Here

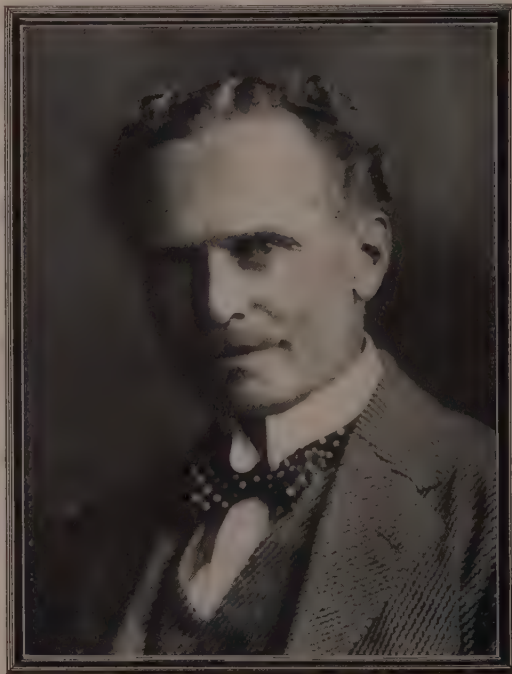
THE name Horace Annesley Vachell has come prominently to the fore in the drama during the past year, and the American theatrical manager has been bidding very actively for his plays. There are no less than three now being offered to the American public—"Quinneys," "The Chief" and "Searchlights." When one has read "Quinneys," "Jelf's," and "Searchlights," one is thoroughly convinced that there could be no more English Englishman than he. Therefore, it comes with somewhat of a surprise that Mr. Vachell, for a full score years, lived the life of an American ranchman in California. Some of the best fiction that Mr. Vachell has written—novels like "Spragge's Canyon," and the short stories contained in his very graphic volume, entitled "Loot," together with sketches of ranch life included in his "Bunch Grass" and in his "Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope"—is full of American character and excellent descriptions of Western scenes.

Mr. Vachell was born in 1861, of a family prominent in official and army life. He was educated in the public school of Harrow and entered as a student in the Military College at Sandhurst. In 1883, he received his commission as a lieutenant, but before entering upon active service, he decided to visit America to try his skill in hunting for big game. That is the last we hear of the military ambitions of Mr. Vachell, even though he has passed them on to his own son who now, during the Great War, is a member of the Royal Aero Corps, and is himself a scout of considerable daring.

Mr. Vachell's trip to America, taking him through the mountains of Wyoming and on to the Pacific Coast, resulted in two things. One day Mr. Vachell was looking in a window and admiring the beauties of certain vegetables grown in San Luis Obispo County. Enthralled with the marvelous richness of this exhibition, he immediately bought a ticket for that county and later found himself the owner of a large tract of land in the old mission town. Thus far he had given little thought to the profession of letters, and he spent most of his time reaping profit from potatoes. So successful was he that his ambition went further, and he became the owner of a cattle ranch, which he still possesses, even though he now spends most of his time in England. Shackling himself with large properties of this kind, he relinquished his commission in the army, and sent a hurry call for his brothers to join him.

It was while living in California that Mr. Vachell married a Miss Phillips, daughter of one of the San Luis Obispo capitalists, who entered into partnership with Mr. Vachell in the management of a large proportion of two of the richest counties in that section. It is therefore only natural that Mr. Vachell should know his California from the most secret canyon to the most frequented mission town. His brother, Arthur, still resides at Carmel-by-the-Sea, a friend of Jack London, Harry Leon Wilson, and Mary Austin.

It was during the years of '93 and '94 that Mr. Vachell turned his attention to writing his first



HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL  
Author of "Quinneys," "The Chief," etc.

novel. From that time until the present, he has been an active producer of short stories, of novels and of dramas. One of the first of the latter was "Her Son," in which Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Edith Wynne Matthison appeared. After the death of Mr. Vachell's wife, he removed to England where he now lives at Southampton. But after one has resided in a place for ten years, it is difficult to forget the peculiarities of such a life as that lived on a ranch.

It would be unfortunate, indeed, were admirers of Mr. Vachell in England to consider that the rich American in "Quinneys" was Mr. Vachell's true understanding of American character. In "Jelf's," the young head of the private banking firm has just returned to London after a long stay on a California ranch, and it may be that, through his very manly attitude toward the undecided girl whom he loves, and toward the banker friend whom he assists, Mr. Vachell intended to pay a compliment to the influence of American life on an Englishman.

Of all of Mr. Vachell's plays, the one that is entitled to our deepest respect is "Quinneys," because of the very careful delineation of a most appealing and attractive personality. On the other hand, were we in the managerial business we should say that of all of these plays, the one that most likely would have had direct appeal for the American public would have been "Jelf's," which, lacking the human quality of Galsworthy, and devoid of the actual business quality of the American play, nevertheless has a certain manliness of attitude which would have been warmly supported by American audiences.

Take away from "Quinneys" the novelty of the antique *motif*, and it becomes a very thin little comedy of not too admirable a kind; but, nevertheless, it relieved the tension in England last year during the period of Zeppelin raids, and is now winning for itself considerable support in this country. Take "The Chief," in which John Drew is appearing: were it not for personal idiosyncracies of the actor who strives hard with an inconsequent rôle, the comedy would have made a dire failure after the first week. Take "Searchlights," in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell is appearing: were it not for the fact that it has a certain timely element in it, due to a German-English character, and were it not that Mrs. Patrick Campbell herself has a drawing power, it would scarcely be understandable because of its English slang. Even in "Jelf's," as produced by Gerald Du Maurier, the characters are more English than they are human; by that we mean, however English in its externals "Lord and Lady Algy" might have been in days gone by, it was as universal in its sporting quality as "The School of Scandal."

Mr. Vachell has more for the American public in his novels than he has in his plays. He is more happy as a delineator of small detail than he is as a sounder of deep truths.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.



## EGYPTIAN DEITIES

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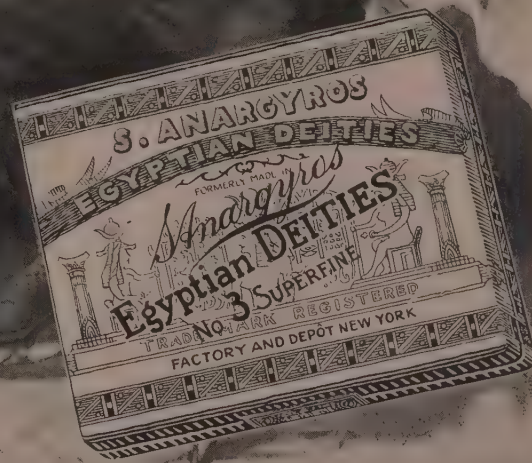
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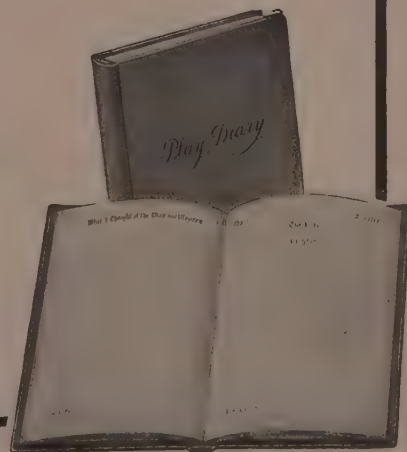
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## David Warfield

(Continued from page 86)

act, Belasco insinuates that they are much over a century old—and they look it as they drink their cups and sigh for home.

The Dutchman notes the resemblance of his love and wife of long ago, but it is the girl who makes the advances, thinking they will be to her own advantage. The stranger is kind to her, and she believes that he may contrive some means of escape for her from the threatened marriage. With amazing indiscretion, she goes aboard the Phantom Ship, where she is followed by the sailors first seen in the saloon, who believe that no good will come of this nocturnal prowling. The Dutchman tells her that he will take her away and thus save her. Then he tells her he loves her. She returns his affection. He shows her great chests of gold and booty which he has accumulated in his sea-roving. Then the storm breaks. Doors fly open, lightning flashes, thunder roars and the girl is terrified. She observes that while the electric zigzags seem to strike Van der Decken in the face, they do not harm him. He tells her his story, because he does not wish to deceive her; and perhaps to strengthen her sympathy. He admits the murder, but declares that there was a baby at home. He wanted to finish his voyage and return to it and its mother, and the man he murdered, wanted him to delay. The moral right of a man to kill another man because he wanted to see his baby, even at the peril of other lives, strikes an audience as it did the girl. She swoons and Van der Decken calls her friends to get her. He tells them to take her to shore. He will sail forth again and take his punishment. But this time he leaves his chests of gold, which become her dowry, when she is married to another man.

Van der Decken sails away and nine years elapse. The girl is the mother of a boy and is happily located in a seaside cottage. The husband and father is away for the day. The door of the cottage swings open. The girl, now a wife and mother, looks up and beholds Captain Van der Decken. He has come to say good-bye, for he has made the port of Amsterdam at last. His cargo is being discharged on the wharf, and none will know the name of the ship or the captain who brought it; he will sail at sunset and his boat will sink, giving him death as the reward for his sufferings.

The first two acts of Belasco's "Van der Decken" are well written, compact, logical and convincing drama; the third act goes up in smoke and leaves not a shred of conviction, logic, or drama as a memory. The dramatic and tragic story of the Flying Dutchman is not told unless it ends in death, actually expressed to an audience and not merely talked about as a possibility of the future.

Mr. Warfield acts the part in a sympathy compelling manner, and scores a personal triumph in his representation of the hero as a youth, proving thereby a versatility that he has not had the opportunity to show in his plays of recent years in which he impersonated only old men. Voice, gesture and manner in a lengthy gamut of emotions, maintain his position as the leading character actor of our time. The other characters are carefully selected for "types," and assist materially in creating some amazingly beautiful stage pictures that seem to be living copies of Dutch paintings.

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THE LATE ADA REHAN

Ada Rehan, for many years leading woman of Augustin Daly's famous stock company, died January 8th last in Roosevelt Hospital after an operation. The actress had been in poor health for a long time. Miss Rehan was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1860. The family name was Crehan, and it is said that it was the mistake of a printer in dropping the C that first suggested the changing of her name to Rehan. Her first appearance on the stage was made in 1874 as Clara in "Across the Continent" in Newark. The following year she joined John Drew's stock company in Philadelphia, playing a number of parts. She played Ophelia with Edwin Booth and Virginia with John McCullough. She joined Mr. Daly in 1879 and remained a member of his company until his death in 1899, acting during that period over two hundred parts. She is best remembered for her Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," and as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal."

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## The Painted Heart

(Continued from page 81)

was a different ending than some women in the same tragic dilemma would have chosen perhaps—but life hardens women more often than it softens them. I had to banish myself entirely in 'Mid-Channel,' to repent myself if you will from head to foot.

"Cousin Kate" needed less retouching, it was more sympathetic?" "Yes—Oh!—that seems a long time ago. It was revived you know."

It was. Ethel Barrymore first appeared in "Cousin Kate" in 1903, before she was married. Hang the dates! They will intrude themselves, in spite of all we can do. Not that the years have anything to do with the eternal spirit of artists, but some one is always asking about them.

No, Ethel Barrymore is not among the Bernhards and the rest of the great who are still good. If you must know, Ethel Barrymore is thirty-six years old. In "Our Mrs. McChesney" she has painted her heart the color of thousands of American women who are in business for themselves, and doing as well as the men thank you, if not better.

"Mrs. McChesney has the heart of a lady," said Ethel Barrymore, "and the courage of one. I don't have to paint my heart any particular tone for the part. I just let it play itself."

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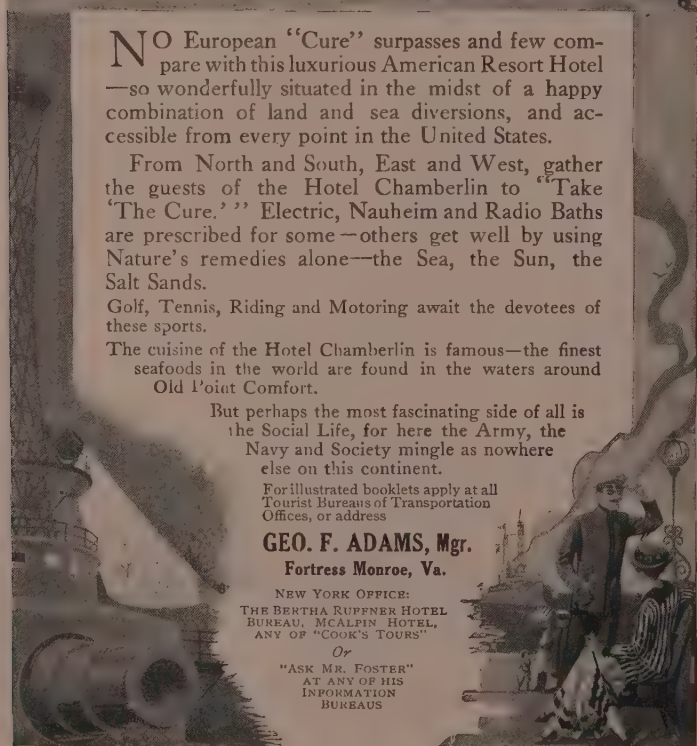
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"Do you love a beautiful woman?"

## Are You in Love?

WHAT a silly question! Of course you are. Everybody is. With men it's a fad. With women it's a regular life job. Falling in love is the oldest of the recognized indoor sports. How old is it? Well, a wise old Buddhist, who sat all day with his legs and fingers crossed—said that it was older than the hills—older than man. He said that the big lizards used to feel it—also the sponges and the little invertebrate worms.

And the greatest love of all—greatest because the most frequent, the most obstinate, and the most ineradicable—is the love of SELF. This is a truly wonderful love, because it never wavers, never changes, never dies. And then, look how cheap it is! If you happen to love a beautiful lady, it immediately runs into theatre-tickets, taxis, bon-bons, suppers, night-letters, gardenias. But if you love no one but yourself you are saving money, every day—every hour.

## Whom Do You Love?

RATHER a hard question to answer, that. Hard because folks love so many different kinds of people and things. But most people (no matter how mean and selfish and nasty they are) love some one. Some men love a blond and blushing débutante with long curly locks. Some women love a brunette artist, writer, or musician, with a pale, porcelain brow and a black, tawny mane. Some folks—nearly all of us in fact—love a smiling old lady, with white hair, a wrinkled forehead and a pair of funny gold spectacles. Some love a wild boy at college; some love a dark little girl at boarding school—while some misguided people spend all the wealth and bounty of their love on a mere motor-car, a stuffy club, a picture gallery, an inbred dog, a gloomy library, or a silly bag of golf clubs.



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## A Potion for Love

THE sordid part of love lies in the way that folks try to bribe it. They know that men and women are human—that their love can be bought—or commanded—with gifts. Now here is the greatest wonder of all—a thing more miraculous than love itself. It is that there is one thing that will pry love out of anybody. A sort of universal, modern love potion. It is really twelve things in one. It should be administered along about the first of every month. It never fails its wonders to perform. It works just as well with young girls as with mature women; with college boys as with grown up married men. It works with débutantes, artists, writers, old ladies (those with gold spectacles, through which gleams that saintly look so peculiar to mothers), motor cranks, dog fanciers, book-worms, plethoric club-men, futurist picture buyers, and even with the most hopeless golf perverts. But, (and here is another miracle) it also works with the vast and swarming army of people who love nobody but themselves. Indeed, it teaches them to love new Gods, to be untrue to themselves; to love Gods that are really worth loving.

## Are You A Lover?

IF you are, and if you aren't ashamed of it, why don't you get into step with this spirit; remove two of your favorite dollars from your little roll, and give the object of your affection (even if it's yourself) this modern love-potion. Send along those two miserable dollars of yours to 443 Fourth Avenue, New York, and secure *Vanity Fair* for her, or for him—or for your selfish self—for the rest of 1916.

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## Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

Elaine Marshall, Cincinnati.—Q.—Will you please tell me if Hazel Dawn has permanently forsaken the stage for the screen? 2. What was the original cast of "Bella Donna"? 3. Will Pauline Frederick appear in a new play this season? Kindly name some issues in which you have published pictures of her, including portraits on the cover.

A.—1. Yes. 2. "Bella Donna" was presented on November 11, 1912, at the Empire Theatre with the following cast: Dr. Meyer Isaacson—Charles Bryant; Hon. Nigel Armine—Frank Gilmore; Mel and Baroud—Robert Whitworth; Dr. Hartley—Edward Fielding; Sir Charles Grebe—William Hassen; Ibrahim—A. Romaine Callender; Hamza—Claus Bogel; Monks—Arthur Hurley; Mrs. Chepstow (Bella Donna)—Alla Nazimova; Mrs. Marchmont—Mrs. Leslie Faber; Marie—Lela Lee. 3. No, she will appear only on the screen. November 1915—full page; April 1915—four photos at home; February, 1916—full length picture in "Innocent;" October 1914—in "Innocent;" August 1914—full page in her dressing room; April 1914—full page; September 1913—small picture; June 1913, Article entitled "From the Chorus to Legitimate Dramatic Star" by Pauline Frederick, illustrated with two photos; April 1913—portrait in colors in "Joseph and His Brethren;" March 1913—four pictures in "Joseph and His Brethren;" February 1913—in "Joseph and His Brethren;" October 1909—portrait in colors.

Kenneth Miller, San Dimas.—Q.—Is there any likelihood of an article appearing in the near future on the lives of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe by Alan Dale?

A.—Mr. Dale does not write interviews with theatrical celebrities for this magazine. You will get an idea of the subjects he discusses if you read the past few issues of THE THEATRE.

G. A. B., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Kindly let me know if Marion Ruckert, formerly leading lady of the Players Company of St. Louis is playing at the present time? 2. Did you ever publish a picture of her?

A.—We do not know. 2. We are not familiar with the career of every player. We can furnish facts regarding the important ones only. We would advise you to communicate with the manager of the theatre in your city. He may be able to give you definite information.

F. H., San Francisco, Calif.—Q.—1. Will you kindly give an account of the career of Pauline Frederick, and state what numbers contain her pictures? 2. Has Nancy O'Neil deserted the stage for the movies or has she a new play for next season? 3. Has Betty Nansen ever appeared upon the legitimate stage in America?

A.—1. Miss Frederick made her first appearance on the stage at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 1, 1902, with "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard;" at the Broadway Theatre, August 1903, appeared as Titania in "A Princess of Kensington;" at Lew Fields Theatre, December 1904; played Countess Pokota in "It Happened in Nordland," and the following year played the part of the Queen in the same piece. Since then she has been seen as Beverage Kruger in the burlesque of "The Music Master," in "The Little Gray Lady," "The Girl in White," "When Knights Were Bold," "Twenty Days in the Shade," "Toddles," "Samson," "The Dollar Mark," "The Fourth Estate." Following this last appearance she was absent from the stage for three years, and in November, 1912, was seen at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, as the Marchioness of Joyeuse in "The Paper Chase." After playing the same part in New York at Wallack's Theatre, she appeared in "Joseph and His Brethren" and in "Innocent." See answer to correspondent above for numbers of THE THEATRE containing her photographs. 2. There has been no announcement concerning Miss O'Neil's appearance on the stage in a new play. 3. No, but she is well known in Denmark for her interpretations of Ibsen roles.

Ethel Roads, Pottsville, Pa.—Q.—1. What part took the part of "Mason" in "The Voice in the Fog?" He played opposite Donald Brian. 2. Who played the part of Blanche Sweet's younger sister in "The Warrens of Virginia?"

A.—1. We have no record of Donald Brian's appearance in "The Voice in the Fog." He may have been seen in this play during a stock engagement. If you can furnish us with more definite information regarding the production, we may be able to give you the name of the actor you mention. 2. Mildred Harris.

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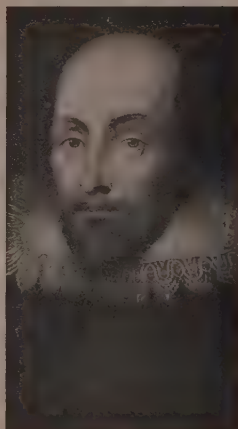
WE heartily recommend all of the articles mentioned in *Footlight Fashions*. If the question of different and special sizes, colors, prices or quality of any of them arises with you, do not hesitate to write Anne Archbald. She will give you all possible information, and it leaves you under no obligation to purchase. *Theatre Magazine Shopping Service*.



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1616



1916

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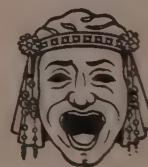
¶ Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House" will contribute an article on Henry Irving's prompt book of "Macbeth" with facsimile markings.

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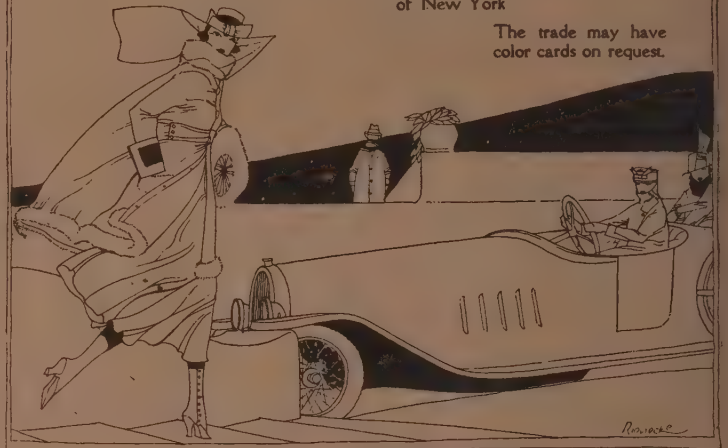
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# FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS



© Ira L. Hill



Miss Mayo posed first in what was defined as a "gala supper dress,"—a white silk with bunches of silver flowers forming the train and main part of the gown, which loops up in intricate ways over double tulle skirts, silver laced and held out by light hoops. A green sash comes round from the back and fastens under a brilliant buckle on the side.

CLOTHES seen on the screen are not strictly "Footlight Fashions." But the "movies" are now so interwoven a part of the regular drama and the footlight stars pass back and forth so constantly between appearances on the stage and on the screen, that the classification, if broadly stretched, may be permitted to include the one field as well as the other. The films, I predict, are going to be looked to in the future for the projection of styles as much as the legitimate stage is now. As we had a tip that Miss Edna Mayo of the Essanay Company was to appear in the fifteen week serial, "The Strange Case of Mary Page" in a serial, so-to-speak, of particularly lovely frocks, it seemed an auspicious moment to include moving picture actresses and their clothes in our repertoire.

To which end I tracked down Miss Mayo and caught her on the wing at Mr. Ira Hill's studio, where she was on the point of posing in several of the frocks. I was told if I were very good and would sit quietly in a corner like a well-behaved child I might as a special favor be present

at the posings and ask Miss Mayo a question or two in between changes of scenery. The frocks, from Lucile's, are eight in all, of which we show three, or rather two and a wrap to go over them.

## MISS MAYO IN THE FROCKS

It was most interesting to meet Miss Mayo for the first time, after having seen so much of her delightful work on the screen, to compare her with her screen double and fill in the coloring. Except for the fact that she looks younger out of the pictures than in them she is quite the same. Very fair-skinned and blue-eyed, she has the most bewilderingly delightful hair—as you probably have already seen. Only it's more delightful in real life even than pictured—golden-brown, three-year old hair which waves and curls and breaks out in soft little tendrils where its short ends are caught up in the back.

Miss Mayo posed first in what the young Englishman who had the gowns under his charge described—to the enrichment of the vocabulary

of fashion—as a "gala supper dress." A white silk with bunches of silver flowers—a large design was chosen purposely to stand out well in the pictures—forms the train and main part of the gown, which is looped up in intricate ways over double tulle skirts, silver-laced and held out by light hoops. A green sash came round from the back and fastened under a brilliant buckle on the side. Underneath the tulle skirts was a "vanishing" petticoat, as its name suggests a gradual fading away of material so that there may be no break between outside and inside skirts.

Under the camera Miss Mayo, as was to be expected considering her profession, proved to be of a pliability. She fell into the poses suggested as easily as a Russian dancer. I commented upon the satisfaction it must be to work with so amenable a subject and received an enthusiastic assent. "Some are made of ice, some of wood, and some haven't any joints at all," I was told.

## PIERROT AND MID-VICTORIANISM

After the gala supper dress was

exhausted from all possible angles we had the taffeta Pierrot cloak (I don't know whether that is its real name, but its voluminous folds, the four buttons and the way one looks out over the high collar has a Pierrot suggestion) thrown over it. The loveliest shade of Robin's egg blue was contrasted with soft brown Kolinsky for its coloring, the enormous collar which goes straight across the front running down in a "V" in the back and filled in with brown velvet for draughts. A cloak of this style should be very graceful and easy in the wearing and felicitous in its weight for an early spring wrap.

When the blue cloak had been sufficiently recorded on the plates and Miss Mayo had been put into the garden party gown she was allowed a few minutes' intermission before going on and I was allowed a word with her alone. A Philadelphia girl, who had lived in New York, she went West to Chicago at the call of the Essanay Company and finds life there and moving picture work entirely satisfying. At least it would be were it not for clothes.



# Clothes Seen On The Stage



© Ira L. Hill

A taffeta cloak, suggestive of Pierrots in Robin's egg blue trimmed with soft brown Kolinsky. The enormous collar which runs straight across the front, slides down in a "V" in the back, where it is filled in with brown velvet to guard—not as the "White Knight" might have said "against the bites of sharks"—but against any stray draughts.



© Ira L. Hill

Could you imagine a quainter and more enchanting vision of Mid-Victorianism brought up-to-date? The materials of the frock are tucked white organdie, flowered blue and pink chiné silk, and shirrings in white of what closely resembles the old-fashioned lutestring. Note the little apron, the new leg o' mutton sleeves and the small hat with its lace brim.

"Getting clothes nearly drives me distracted," she said. "So many sets of them have to be supplied and so many things taken into consideration in their making; and posing all day as we do leaves so few minutes to be

snatched for fittings. A from seven to eight o'clock day is no unusual stretch of work for us. Really if it weren't for my mother to help me I don't know where I should come off."

"Time up," said a voice and Miss Mayo hastened away to take her stand before a tapestry drop and I went back to my corner to get a perspective on the garden-party dress and jot down the details of materials and lines that made of her so quaint and enchanting a vision of mid-Victorianism brought up-to-date. You can see for yourself as to lines. Materials were tucked organdie, flowered blue and pink chiné silk, and shirrings in white of what closely resembled the old-fashioned lutestring. As foundation there was pale pink charmeuse, pink chiffon and again the "vanishing" petticoat. Note the little apron with its pockets, the new leg o' mutton sleeves and the small hat with its lace brim, which turns up in front and down at a point on the right side. And look for Miss Mayo and the rest of the gowns during the ensuing weeks as tips on what to wear.

## NOTES OF THE MID-SEASON

Leg o' mutton sleeves are one of the new notes, I observe, in mid-season offerings. The changeable taffeta frock in a literally "heavenly" blue, midway between a very deep turquoise and a light peacock and shot with purple lights, which was sketched at Bonwit Teller's, has such a pair. It depends for its smartness on the color and simple lines, since the only trimming is pinked ruches unless one excepts the little bunch of orange velvet fruit at the belt. Reeds still hold sway, witness Miss Mayo's white and silver Lucile dress and the skirt of this Bonwit Teller frock which is dependent on them for its crisp flare.

On the Franklin Simon frock the flare of the skirt is obtained not by reeds but by the layers of material, white satin foundation, fine silver tissue over that and over that again the two layers of silk net. Artfully hidden underneath the white ribbon with its sprays of gilt and silver flowers is a bunchy ruche of pink white taffeta, which further helps out the flare and lends a decorative touch besides, if the tulle skirt are raised. Old-fashioned cockade rosettes of silver ribbon add a delicious touch to the ensemble. If you are still further

interested a band of gold lace finishes the square neck. But nobody pays much attention to the necks of dresses nowadays. The less there is of it the better. The skirt is the featured member of a frock. ANNE ARCHBALD.



Artfully hidden underneath the ribbon of this white silk net dancing frock is a bunchy ruche of pinked white taffeta which helps out the flare and lends a decorative touch besides, if the tulle skirts chance to be raised.



Leg o' mutton sleeves are one of the new notes, I observe, in mid-season offerings. This changeable taffeta frock in a literally "heavenly" blue, midway between a very deep turquoise and a light peacock and shot with purple lights, which was sketched at Bonwit Teller's has such a pair.





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comfortable.

*Miss Gordon.*



# The Negligee and The Moment

FEBRUARY is the month in the year to turn one's attention to the picking up of the loose ends in clothes. It is a brief breathing spell in the season when one's winter wardrobe is a foregone conclusion and one's spring wardrobe still in the air. It is the month for restocking or supplementing of species of apparel necessary to one's real comfort and self-esteem that yet somehow get pushed into the background and neglected during more strenuous periods. It is the logical time, therefore, to give to the discussion of the negligee and the caps and mules and pillows that to-day are its attendant and demanded accessories. The shops cannily realizing all this are turning their particular attention to the display of the newest ideas in these garments intimates. And as soon as you see the latter you become perfectly convinced that it is a complete impossibility for you to worry along with what you already possess. The lower and higher forms of lingerie have a powerfully magnetizing effect all their own on one's pocketbook.

Take the seductive chiffon negligee, from Bonwit Teller, shown — for example, the acme of daintiness and distinction! "Hearts of most hard temper" would "melt and lament for it!" A full skirt, satin ribbon banded at the bottom with two double shirrings at the top hangs from a short underwaist. Over that falls a loose jacket bound around neck and sleeves with the satin ribbon, of which six decorative buttons have been made by braiding together

narrow strips of the ribbon. Everything is white, mind, except the ruffle of deep cream lace. The cap that we selected as going best with it is of deep cream net, narrow valenciennes ruffles and salmon pink satin ribbon; and the mules should be of pink satin, lace covered, with a sprig of ribbon flowers across the front.

Another negligee at Bonwit Teller's, a bit more "fatigue uniform" than the white chiffon, was of a beautiful shade of deep—almost orange—yellow crepe de chine, simple and lovely in lines and color, easy to slip in and out of, easy in price too. A great bargain! A cap of cream net and pale blue satin ribbons with pleated frills to match those on the jacket should accompany this negligee, as well as a pair of flat-heeled blue satin mules.

At Lord and Taylor's I saw a negligee, or as the French might better put it a *saut de lit*, of severer line, but built with a view to a little more warmth and to a quick donning. Pale tea-rose pink albatross had been lined with white satin which emerged on the outside in deep satin cuffs and collars. The original model was imported, but an exact copy has been made at just half the price. If one wanted to add the frills, there were blue damask mules and a cap with a fish-tail and a pink satin bow.

A special tid-bit which this house had made up to lure its customers was a crepe de chine matinee, plaited frills at bottom, at elbow sleeves and around the neck. One could have

A matinee from Bonwit Teller in deep blue chiffon with a yellow lace frill hanging under another turned-back one. It follows the prevailing fad that bothers not with neck finishings, a picot run edge being the only adornment it boasts. Not to be too niggardly however, a pastel colored rose touches off the fastening.



the model in pink or in pale blue: one could have it, tempting item, at the more than reasonable price of \$5.95.

After you have looked to your cap and your mules you should choose a pillow to complete the outfit. No well-appointed boudoir of to-day is without its special pillows, which come in oval and round and oblong

and every kind of a shape. They differ from the pillows of yesteryear in that they are not "lingerie," but of silks and velvets and gold and silver tissues. Some are embroidered, some are trimmed with swansdown. An especially enticing one was covered with silver lace over purple blue satin.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

The acme of daintiness and distinction in a chiffon negligee from Bonwit Teller. Everything is white except the ruffle of cream lace around the jacket. A gay little cap to go with it of the same color tone, and mules of pink satin, lace-covered.



A special tid-bit which Lord & Taylor's has made up for the benefit of customers is this crepe de chine matinee with the plaited frills at bottom, at elbow sleeves and around the neck. One could have the model in pink or in pale blue: one can have an exact copy at the more than reasonable price of \$5.95.

A beautiful matinee from Bonwit Teller in deep blue chiffon with a yellow lace frill hanging under another turned-back one. It follows the prevailing fad that bothers not with neck finishings, a picot run edge being the only adornment it boasts. Not to be too niggardly however, a pastel colored rose touches off the fastening.

A beautiful matinee from Bonwit Teller in deep blue chiffon with a yellow lace frill hanging under another turned-back one. It follows the prevailing fad that bothers not with neck finishings, a picot run edge being the only adornment it boasts. Not to be too niggardly however, a pastel colored rose touches off the fastening.





Miss Mayfield who started from the same old stage in comic opera has made a wonderful hit in the Blue Paradise. Miss Mayfield is wearing a hat specially designed for her by Kroll.



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"Princess Pat" comb. It is designed  
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One of the finest extracts is imprisoned in  
the little squat bottle in \$2.00 and \$4.00  
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"Lilas Arly" has stolen the soul of the  
lilac (extract) \$1.00 and \$3.00.

It looks like jade and within it lives a  
gorgeous scent. "Mavis." 75 cents.

In the fascinating fat little jar, "Crème  
Lady Mary" comes to you for only fifty  
cents.

WHILE pretty ladies are daintily fussing over perfumery to suit their personality, the manufacturers are just as busy fussing over the right sort of bottles de luxe to fittingly express the individuality of their essence rare.

The perfumer of to-day must not only concoct pleasures for the nose, but for the eye as well, and the color scheme of the package is almost as important as the fragrance it contains. He must be constantly on the alert for odd and distinctive containers in which to conjure the scent of blossoms if he would attempt to deal with "Les Grandes Élégantes."

Like the soft summer breezes that stole in bygone days over Grandmother's old-fashioned lilac garden, a whiff of the delightful "Lilas Arly" brings back memories of foamy blossoms and crinoline. The scent is so truly lilac, one can almost imagine a flower garden imprisoned in the bottle. The tall square shouldered bottle contains this lovely fawn-colored delight and it wears a bit of lilac string around its throat and lives in an exquisite beige box. It may be had also in a series of powders, toilet waters, creams, etc.

That clouded glass bottle, beautifully cut with the queer stopper, contains a new masterpiece by Arly which he calls "La Bohème." It is pungent and a bit oriental. To harmonize with its deep amber color, it comes in a beige box, satin lined and of a shape to take the bottle exactly.

A container worthy of its contents is the funny little round Chinese blue jar which holds "Crème

Lady Mary," a new and delightful greaseless skin food. It has a delectable flower fragrance that is carried through a whole line of attractive toilet requisites.

Vivaudou stands sponsor for a very excellent toilet water fittingly bottled in a rather eccentric holder, the tallest one on the page. It is called "Mavis" and its mystic, unusual scent seems culled from a thousand different blossoms.

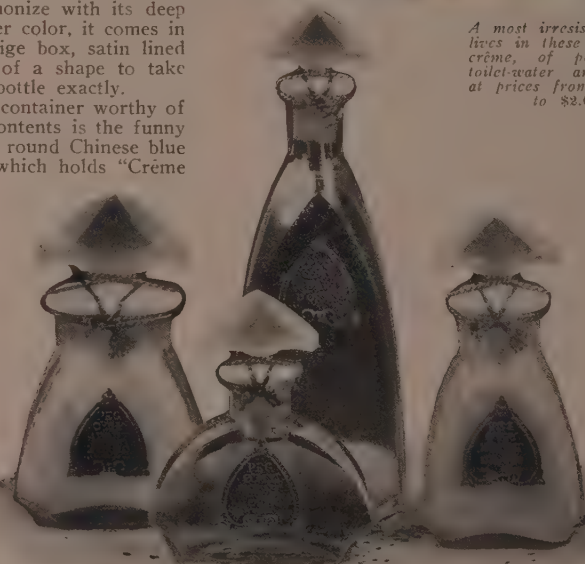
Just as enchanting as the play from which it was named, and bearing the mark of approval of the little lady who endeared it in our hearts, "Peg o' My Heart" perfume and all the dainty appurtenances of the toilet that go with it, are subtle and sweet, and seem like a Breath of Araby.

Very complete week-end toilet boxes are being made up now with

a generous sample of each of the ravishing beauty secrets of the "Peg o' My Heart" family.

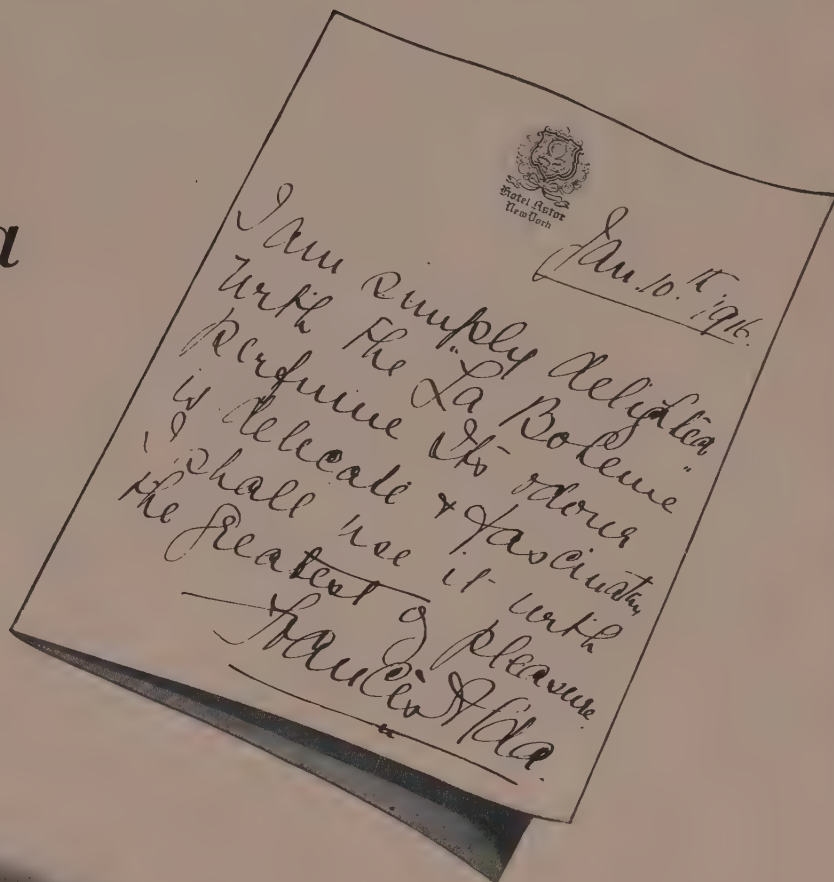


A most irresistible scent  
lives in these bottles of  
crème, of powder, of  
toilet-water and sachet,  
at prices from 25 cents  
to \$2.00.





# Madame Alda and La Bohême



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*La Bohême*, the incomparable blending of French flowers, can be obtained at the best stores for \$4.00.

Vivaudou (Dept. U, Times Building, New York) will send you a generous sample for twenty-five cents.





## Bonnets from Over The Seas

**E**VEN though it is war time, Paris still finds opportunities to make another hat or two, and from a recent bevy of beauties bearing such fascinating addresses as Rue St. Honoré and Rue des Capucines, the four shown on this page were chosen because they have been purchased by very smartly dressed Ladies of Stageland.

The style tendency in millinery, essentially French, this season, seems to run to medium-sized hats with wee small ones running a close second. As far as the Parisian milliners are concerned, the extremely large hat has had its day and appears only on very rare occasion.

I don't know if it's because it's Spring, or just because—but flower



Cupped so as to fashionably hide the eyes, a black and shiny ridged straw model has tiny clusters of pink roses and white gardenias growing all around the brim. The plaiting of ribbon and the facing are Nattier blue. Marguerite and Léone.



Lewis cast in bronze a smart low-crowned wide-brimmed sailor wreathed in a curious arrangement of curved mercury wings fastened flat against the side of the crown.

quisite simplicity. When Lewis places a wreath of bronze mercury wings around the crown of a flat bronzed straw sailor there is nothing that could be added to make it more beautiful.

A charming exponent of the all fabric hat is a model by Jeanne Due of a chocolate brown material with quarter-inch glazed stripes that stand out in bold relief against the background of the cloth itself which is a sort of dull crepe. A brown ribbon smartly slashed with a broad gold band passes from ear to ear over the top of the crown and serves to connect two bunches of varnished cherries, brown and tan and red and blue.

Smartly alert, an upturned saucy little sea-green creation of Madame Louison makes a sharp and decided turn over the left eye. It is made of a curiously woven polished straw. Its winged trimming gives the required height and follows out the season's early tendencies.



A hat may be as small as it dare be if it is made by Madame Louison and if it makes a bold turn over the left eye and a saucy one all the way round. Green straw with wings of the same tone.



The brown cloth fabric used in this Jeanne Due hat has quarter-inch glazed stripes that dominate its lines. A gold threaded brown ribbon joins two clusters of varnished cherries placed right and left on its flat brim.



**T**HE appeal of Oriental Art is one of resplendence. It is unobtrusive, yet complete to the minutest detail of design. Applied to lamps; to Chinese Porcelain lamps in particular, it enhances the very function of lamps. It tempers artificial light to the taste. It harmonizes with your sense of what is fitting.

Lighted or not, these Chinese Porcelain Lamps, fitted with silken shades of exquisite old Chinese embroidery, perfect in design, color and symmetry, are objects of beauty and constant delight.

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New stripings and colorings of unusual character.

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"La Jerz" reg. in U. S. Pat. Office

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Those who have lost the beauty they once were proud of; those who wish for a greater share of good looks than fell to their lot to possess, or those who desire to prevent the impress of time, stress and worry on the face—all these may enter this *Maison de Beauté Valaze* with the feeling of certainty that the greatest possible measure of facial charm will be imparted to them if they will follow the advice given there.

Madame Rubinstein, to whose tender care have been entrusted the complexions of the world's famous beauties; she, who, in her Paris and London salons has treated Royalty, places her expert knowledge and art at your disposal.

If you live too far to visit Mme. Rubinstein, a letter to her will bring you her advice.

A few of her celebrated specialties for home treatment are listed below:

### Valaze Outdoor Balm Rose

Now that the cold weather is upon us legions of purple faces are to be seen in the streets of our cities.

Valaze Outdoor Balm checks this tendency to discolor.

An annoyance due to bad weather and bad make-up is that, owing to the hardening or caking-up of inferior preparations, lines and wrinkles are produced on the face which in reality would not be there but for the disfiguring effect of the face wash or dressing cream used.

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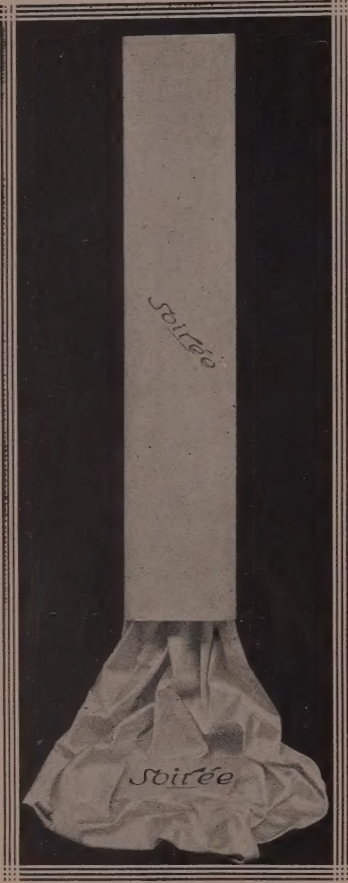
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## The Upward Way of the Collar

MISS BILLIE BURKE on her way through a Fifth Avenue Shop who were designing a skating suit for her was attracted by the wonderful neckwear department which is one of their special features. So appealing were the dainty wares and so alluring were these neck-fixings, that Miss Burke made a wide selection, several of which I am showing here. A note to our shopping department will bring you the name and address of the shop.

They fasten like Mary Mack's famous gown, these new spring collars, but in this one, tiny pearl buttons replace the celebrated silver ones. To begin with a white satin band—then a soft bit of fur, and then—to becomingly frame a lovely pink and white face, a roll of black velvet. The cuffs match and the set is priced at \$5.98.



He who would add a last line of becomingness to her costume must top it off with a band of fur, so this lovely sapphire blue velvet stock ends in a soft brown fur strip, but it begins at the back of the neck with a most irresistible bow. \$4.95.



Harking back to the Long Ago, the jabot is being revived again this spring, and here we have one of écrû oriental lace joined to a high stock of crushed brown velvet, buttoned in the back of course, \$3.50.



A bit of airy nothingness is expressed by a frilled net Elizabethan double ruch held in place by a blue ribbon edged in white. "Come-follow-me" streamers and a funny little bow fulfill the duties of trimming. \$4.95.



An inconstant Georgette Crêpe affair cups the face with its flowerlike petals and is banded at the bottom in narrow ermine with a few of its own black bobs. \$3.95.

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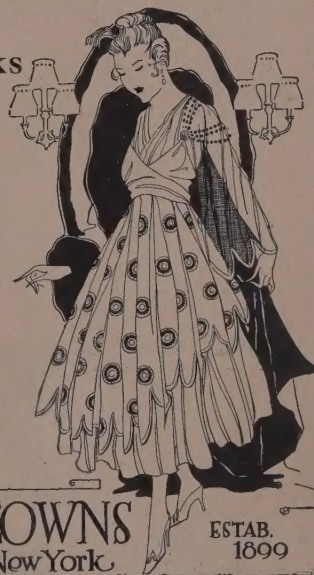
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TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

#### Columbia Records

By far the most extraordinary and interesting recordings ever issued by a talking machine company appear in the February list of the Columbia Graphophone Company. The first recordings of the male choir of the Cathedral of the Russian Orthodox Church in New York are on sale this month. In the choir is a basso profundo with a full tone range reaching to the phenomenal depths of G below low C. When you add to the marvelous voice placing of each member of the choir, the profound and powerful effects of Russian music, "The Lord's Prayer," and the Hundred Fold "Lord Have Mercy," on the record in question, are masterpieces of vocal recording.

Among other leaders of the February list is Metcalf's "Absent" and Barnby's "Crossing the Bar," considered by musical experts to be the finest quartette ensemble work ever reproduced through a Grafonola. Josef Hofmann plays two triumphs in technique; Sternberg's "Etude in C Minor" and Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in G Minor." An interesting "International Folk Song Medley" containing ten songs from ten different countries, is quite a novelty. Pablo Casals adds to his already long list of cello recordings. *Adv.*

#### Victor Records

The 1916 season of music has opened rather auspiciously, for the musical program offered by the Victor in its new list of January records includes such famous singers as McCormack, Gluck, Schumann-Heink, and Williams, and four renowned violinists—Elman, Kreisler, Powell, and Zimbalist. McCormack presents a superb solo of a highly popular sentimental ballad, "Somewhere a Voice is Calling," and with Kreisler, the noted Austrian violinist, also contributes a charming Neapolitan song. Alma Gluck sings a peculiar song entitled "The Monotone." It consists of eighty notes, all sung on the same tone.

"The Rosary" is one of Schumann-Heink's favorite numbers and the great contralto gives a beautiful interpretation of this exquisite Nevin song. Evan Williams delivers with much delicacy "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water," his mezzo-voice being highly effective. Saint Sæns' wonderful aria, "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," is sung by Julia Culp. Sophie Braslau gives an effective presentation of del Riego's favorite, "Oh, Dry Those Tears." Emilio de Gogorza contributes a dainty folk song of Mexico, "Calm Night." George Hamlin sings the impassioned "Love's Nocturne." *Adv.*

### The New Plays

(Continued from page 66)

rick" at the Booth, E. H. Sothern announced a postponement of several days for extra rehearsals. If this additional time was expended on the elaboration of the comedy scenes in act two it was time mis-spent. Anything more grotesquely inartistic than the horseplay antics of Ingot's guests could hardly be imagined. It was rough house to the nth degree. The title rôle, for many years associated with his father's fame, was assumed on this occasion for the first time by Mr. Sothern. It is a performance such as any experienced actor might give. Sincere and earnest it is a heavy impersonation; for Mr. Sothern seems to forget that the "immortal Davy" was as skilled a comedian as he was tragedian and off the stage was the life of every party. Alexandra Carlisle was a delightful picture as Ada Ingot.

#### GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER

50c. the case of six glass stoppered bottles

BANDBOX. WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS. The Washington Square Players are proceeding with such honesty and independence of endeavor that they should be encouraged in their work. The more independent the lines they pursue the better. Often enough the foreign plays selected for production may be artistic and new in idea, but there is not necessarily merit in all newness. The foreign play in the third bill of the season was within the bounds of reason and propriety, a one-act piece by Wedekind, "The Tenor" is simply a cold, hard study of the heartlessness of temperament in a selfish public favorite of the stage. He is beset by women, two of them hiding in his room to come in contact with him. He dismisses them impatiently. A third is a girl who is desperately in love with him, has been self-beguiled or beguiled by him, and shoots herself as he petulantly bids her farewell. All this time he is consulting his watch, anxious to catch a train; and that is the most important thing as he bestows a glance at his victim. A clever bit of satire, "The Clod," by Lewis Beach, concerns a man and wife on the border line in our Civil War. They are ignorant, caring nothing for the issues, mindful only of their small affairs. The woman shoots two of the Confederate soldiers, who have come in search of a fleeing Federal messenger. They have broken her dishes, besides terrifying her and treating her harshly. Her regret, as the curtain falls, is that she will have to drink out of the dipper and not out of a cup, which has been broken. There is an unconventional touch in all this. And well played and stage-managed it was, Josephine Meyer distinguishing herself. "The Roadhouse in Arden," by Philip Moeller, is a whimsicality "for the Shakespearean Centenary." It introduces Shakespeare and Bacon who meet at an Inn and display their relations, wholly imaginary of course. "The Red Cloak" is a "Sort of Marionette Pantomime," by Josephine Meyer and Lawrence Langner, arranged by William Pennington. The pantomimists carry out a melodramatic fable of no consequence, wonderfully clever in color and costume and lighting and foolery. Child's play but entertaining.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE PRIDE OF RACE." Play in three acts by Michael L. Landman, founded on a story by Wallace Irwin. Produced on January 11th with this cast: Deegan Folk, Robert Hilliard; Weyland Folk; Clarence Handyside; Dr. Blake, Frank Kemble Cooper; Frank Pounford,

Charles P. Hammond; Tom, Frank H. Westerton; Ned, Philip Bishop; Jim, J. MacNamee; Fred, Charles Foster; Bob, Raymond Kenney; Gilbert, Foxhall Dangerfield; Mrs. Calhoun, Mina Gale Haynes; Louise, Kathlene MacDonell; Mammy, Marie Taylor; Miss Bowers, Agnes Everett; Jenny, May Seymour.

It is possible for a player to become so absorbed in the emotions of the character he depicts that he loses all sense of proportion and fails to see that his emotions, as the character or as the actor, are not shared in the slightest degree by the audience. This is the case with Mr. Hilliard in "The Pride of Race." Much of the very best procurable acting goes to waste throughout the play. We can have a certain sympathy with a Southern girl, married to a man of remote negro ancestry, who repudiates with horror the child that is born of the marriage, a reversion to type. His father had confessed the secret of ancestry to his son before the marriage, but he has taken chances and not told his secret to his wife. After she leaves him she is to marry an early suitor; and he takes his son away to a plantation in Cuba or somewhere, counselling him, when he is grown, that "the greatest Gifts of God are Life and Work." Of course the scenes, situations and emotions are "dramatic" but, in reality, nothing is dramatic that is not in some way edifying. In effect the play is purposeless. If it had an original purpose it has been smothered. In every way the play was an unnecessary one and, consequently, requires no discussion. Kathlene MacDonell, as the wife, gave a performance that, in other circumstances, would have brought her into lasting prominence. As it is her excellence will be noted by those who require the services of such temperament and capacity. Mr. Hilliard, of course, again made manifest his extraordinary adaptability, while his hand in the stage-management was unmistakable. An estimable actor and manager he will soon recoup a mistake of judgment occasioned by the actor's sense of situation, taking situation and tenseness seriously, without giving thought, we venture to believe, to other considerations. Michael L. Landman wrote the play, basing it on a story by Wallace Irwin.

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#### Books Received

WRITING FOR VAUDEVILLE. By Brett Page. Springfield, Mass. The Home Correspondence School.

THE PHOTODRAMA—ITS PLACE AMONG THE FINE ARTS. By William Morgan Hannon. New Orleans: The Ruskin Press.

SADIE LOVE. By Avery Hopwood. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Company.

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Sir Sidney Lee. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

CLIPPED WINGS. By Rupert Hughes. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MASTERPIECES OF MODERN DRAMA. By John Alexander Pierce, prefaced with a critical essay by Brander Matthews. Illustrated. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company. Two volumes.

THE LIFE OF MAN. By Leonidas Andrieiev. Translated from the Russian by C. J. Hogarth. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND. A dramatization of Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." By Alice Gerstenberg. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company.

THE FAITHFUL. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.